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UNION HYMNS.

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PREFACE.

THE inquiry has often been made, why a collection of hymns is not published sufficiently extensive to supply the wants of Sunday schools. It is said, that the little hymn book in common use was very well at the commencement of the Sunday-school system, but since monthly concerts, anniversaries, missionary meetings, teachers' prayer meetings, &c. &c. have become so common, a larger volume is called for, and a more extensive variety is indispensable.

The "New Hymn Book," as it is entitled, was an experiment, to see how far sacred music, as a science, could be introduced into Sunday-schools by connecting it with a hymn book. It was never supposed that so limited a variety of hymns as that collection contains, and many

of them too of so peculiar a measure, woul supply the deficiency.

The present compilation will be found to contain the best part of the Sunday-school hymn books now in use; and much pains have been taken to glean from all other sources within our each such a collection as shall supply the wants of the religious community, and especially that part of it which is connected with Sabbath-schools.

UNION

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

1 *The goodness of God.* **C. M.**

HOW kind in all his works and ways
Must our Creator be;
We learn some lesson of his praise
From every thing we see.

2 The glorious sun that blazes high,
The moon more pale and dim,
With all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by him.

3 And this vast world of ours below,
The water and the land,
And all the trees and flowers that grow
Were fashioned by his hand.

4 Yes, and he formed our infant race
And he is ever near
To those who early seek his face
By humble, earnest prayer.

2 *God seen in his works.* **C. M.**

1 THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by heaven.

3 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed
And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 *God the Creator.* C. M.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

4 *The works of God.* C. M.

1 I LOVE to see the glowing sun
Light up the deep blue sky,
Along the pleasant fields to run,
And hear the brook flow by.

2 How fresh and green the trees appear;
What blooming flowers I find!
Oh, surely God has sent them here
To tell us he is kind.

3 The beasts that on the herbage feed
Thank him in different ways;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to his praise.

4 Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made us all?
O no, I'll humbly kneel to him,
And on my Maker call.

5 Though I am but a little child,
Yet I to God belong;
His works declare him good and mild,
And he will hear my song.

5 *God seen in his works.* L. M.

1 THY works proclaim thy glory, Lord;
The blooming fields, the singing bird,
The tempest, and the sunny hour,
Show forth thy goodness and thy power.

2 And when the setting sun declines,
I view Thee in its brilliant lines;
Those tints, so beautiful and bright,
Teach me the Author of all light.

3 Great God! how should our worship rise
To Thee, who form'd the earth and skies;
The things that creep, and things that fly,
Are viewed by thine all-seeing eye.

4 Then will I still adore thy name;
'Thou, who for ever art the same;
But yet thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Shine brightest in thy holy word.

6 *God's providence.* C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When I a helpless infant lay
Upon my mother's breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered blessings on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart could know
Whence all those blessings flowed.

7 *Come and see the works of God.* C. M

1 COME, child, look upwards to the sky,
Behold the sun and moon,
The numerous stars that sparkle high,
To cheer the midnight gloom.

2 The fields, the meadows, and the plain,
The little pleasant hills,
The waters too, the mighty main,
The rivers, and the rills.

3 Come, then, behold them all, and say,
"How came these things to be?
That stand around whichever way
I turn myself to see?"

1 'Twas God that made the earth and sea,
To whom the angels bow;
'Twas God that made both thee and me,
The God who sees us now.

8 *Power and goodness of God.* C. M.

1 I SING the mighty power of God
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

9 *Creation speaks God's praise.* C. M.

1 MY heavenly Father! all I see
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee
And speaks thy boundless love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of thee;
The woods so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the Holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throngs,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds with their melodious songs,
Repeat thy praises still.

10 *God made all things.* L. M.

1 'TWAS God who made the earth and skies;
Great are the wonders of his hand;
He is more powerful, good, and wise,
Than any child can understand.

2 Bright angels bow before his face,
And saints stand waiting round his throne,
And in that holy, happy place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.

11 *God's greatness.* C. M.

1 O LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let old and young proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;—

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
That dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And raise his nature so!

4 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

12 *The Creator praised in his works.* L. M.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

13 *I am the creature of God.* L. M.

1 I AM the creature of the Lord;
He made me by his powerful word:
This body, in each curious part,
Was formed by his unerring art.

2 From him my nobler spirit came,
My soul, a spark of heavenly flame.
That soul, by which my body lives.
Which thinks, and hopes, desires, and grieves

3 Is capable of endless bliss,
And worth a thousand worlds like this;
It must in heaven or hell remain,
When flesh is turned to dust again.

4 To what then should I first attend?
Or what esteem my noblest end?
Surely it must be this alone,
That God my Maker may be known:

5 So known, that I may love him still,
And form my actions by his will;
That he may bless me while I live,
And when I die my soul receive.

Then in the world of light and love,
With saints and angel-hosts above,
I'll dwell for ever in his sight,
In perfect knowledge and delight.

14 *God's works; an infant hymn.* L M

1 THE moon is very fair and bright,
And also very high;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky:
It shone upon me as I lay,
And seemed almost as bright as day.

2 The stars are very pretty too,
And scatter'd all about;
At first there seems a very few,
But soon the rest come out:
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.

4 God made and keeps them, every one,
By his great power and might:
He is more glorious than the sun
And all the stars of light:
Yet though so great, we by his grace,
If pure in heart, shall see his face.

PRAISE.

15 *Praise for blessings.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

16 *Praise from children.* L. M

1 ALMIGHTY God! with gracious ear
Our praises and thanksgivings hear,
And look with an approving eye
From thy eternal throne on high.

2 Our feeble voice and childish thought
Can never praise thee as they ought;
Nor can our lips by words express
The tribute of our thankfulness.

3 But thou, O Lord, in ancient days,
From children hast perfected praise,
And still thy condescending love
Will childhood's gratitude approve.

17 *Prayer and praise.* L. M.

1 O THOU, whom high archangels praise,
Whose glory shines with brightest rays,
To thee our grateful hymns we tune,
For none can sing thy praise too soon.

2 O may thy grace be all our joy,
Let gratitude our tongues employ,
And lead young children, frail and weak,
Thy praise to sing, thy face to seek.

3 Deny us not our earnest prayer,
That we may all thy favour share;
Be led to each good work and word,
As faithful servants of the Lord.

4 And bless our teachers, parents, friends;
And grant, where'er thy name extends,
That heathen children, too, may bring
Their songs of praise to Israel's king.

18 *Invitation to praise.* C. M.

1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for his grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom calls forth praise.

Glory to God, and praise and power,
Honour and thanks be given!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

19 *Praise from a renewed heart.* C. M.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall childhood's tongue express
A subject so divine?
How shall we love thee as we ought,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

20 *Prayer and praise.* C. M.

1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer
In heaven, thy dwelling place,
From children made thy gracious care,
And taught to seek thy face.

2 Thanks for thy word and for thy day;
And help us, we implore,
That we may never waste in play
Thy holy Sabbath more.

3 Thanks that we hear; but oh! impart
To each, desire sincere
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

21 *Infant praise.* 8. 7.

1 HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to Thee;
In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee;
Once by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy exalted Son to die;
From eternal death to save us;
Glory be to God on high!

22 *Hosannas in the temple* C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard;
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.

2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed:
Hosanna to the heavenly King!
To David's promised seed.

3 O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as powerful and as good
As in the former days.

4 Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.

23 *Children praising the Saviour.* C. M.

1 HOSANNAS were by children sung
When Jesus was on earth;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth.

2 The Lord is great, the Lord is good;
He feeds us from his store
With earthly and with heavenly food;
We'll praise him evermore.

3 We thank him for his gracious word;
We thank him for his love;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

24 *Power and Grace.* P. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure, | Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

3 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure, | Abides thy word.

4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same, | Have endless praise

25 *Praise for the Sabbath.* S. M.

1 THE Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day;
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray.

2 That day with songs we bless,
It hath the light of seven,
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines on our path to heaven.

3 Ours is the Sabbath-school;
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

4 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sabbath-schools will show
The bliss of Sabbath-days.

5 Lord of the Sabbath! send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teaching here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease;

6 Then heaven itself shall be
One Sabbath-school above,
And undisturbed eternity,
One Sabbath-day of love.

26 *Praise for Mercies.* C. M.

1 LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 And thou preservest me from death
And dangers, every hour:
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give the power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

27 *Praise to the Saviour.* S. M.

1 TO praise the Saviour's name,
Let little children try;
While saints and angels do the same
In the bright world on high.

2 His love in heaven is sung,
His name is there adored;
And children here, however young,
May learn to praise the Lord.

3 The wonders of that love
No earthly tongue can tell,
Which brought the Saviour from above,
To save our souls from hell.

4 For us he wept and bled,
And suffered all his pain;
For us was numbered with the dead,
And rose to life again.

5 And still for us he prays,
And makes our souls his care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
And listens to our prayer.

6 Lord Jesus! grant that we
May know thy saving grace:
On earth thy humble followers be;
In heaven behold thy face.

28 *Praise and Prayer.* C. M

1 ALMIGHTY God! while earth and heaven
Thy power and skill proclaim;
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honours of thy name?

2 The early dawn of opening life
Has proved thy guardian care,
And may I through all future years
Thy grace and goodness share.

3 Now may I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God! O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

29 *The Christian Birth.* C. M.

1 I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A highly favoured child.

2 I was not born as thousands are,
Where Jesus is unknown,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood or stone.

3 I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish that I were in my grave,
And all my labour done.

4 I was not born without a home,
Or in a broken shed;
A wretched outcast, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

5 My God! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me;
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

30 *Praise to Christ.* S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the exalted King.

4 Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

31 *Praise to Jehovah.* S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come worship at his throne;
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God!

32 *Universal Praise.* L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PRAYER.

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33 *Child's Prayer.* L. M.

1 CHILDREN as young and weak as I,
Did Jesus love, when here below;
And on his Father's throne on high,
O with what love he loves them now!

2 Though I am young, yet I have sinned,
Forgotten God, transgressed his laws;
And holy angels could not gain
Pardon for me, nor plead my cause.

3 To Jesus then I'll meekly go;
My penitence these tears will prove;
And he who wept for human wo,
Will take me to his arms of love.

4 Then will I sing, while life shall last,
Glory to God for pardoning love;
And when the hour of death is passed,
Join in immortal praise above.

34 *Sincerity in Prayer.* C. M.

1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

35 *For the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 MY Father, when I come to thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek thy face,—
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

2 I plead the name of thy dear Son;
All he has said, all he has done;
O may I feel his love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free!

3 To guide me, Lord, be ever nigh;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress thy likeness on my heart;
Let me obey thy truth in love,
'Till raised to dwell with thee above.

36 *Child's Prayer.* C. M.

1 LORD, teach a little child to pray;
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I strayed:
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

4 To him let little children come,
For he hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

5 For all who early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,
To dwell with him above.

37 *The Lord's Prayer.* L. M.

1 OUR Father, full of grace divine,
To thy great name be praises paid
Thy kingdom come, thy glory shine,
And be thy will on earth obeyed.

2 Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truths feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And let us free from evil live.

4 For thine's the kingdom, and the power,
And all the glory waits thy name;
Let every land thy grace adore,
And sound a long and loud Amen.

38 *For a new Heart.* C. M

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart made clean by thy rich blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

39 *Encouragement.* 7's.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He that bids us humbly pray,
Sends us not unblessed away.

2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

40 *Prayer for Youth.* S. M.

1 GREAT God! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone.
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

41 *Prayer for Children.* L. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,—
And, lured by earthly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:

2 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which have devoted them to thee.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

42 *The great Teacher.* 8, 7.

1 TEACHER, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to thee;
Thee, who camest to ransom sinners,
Thee, who diedst to ransom me.

2 Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as thou art;
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thine own heart.

3 Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshapen clay;
Call me in the morning hour;
Teach my youthful mind the way.

4 With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove;
Every spark of good desire
Raise into a flame of love.

43 *Children's Prayer.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, heavenly King!
Who rules the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And e'er the night hath closed our eyes,
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

44 *A Child's Confession.* C. M.

1 O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How base am I, and how defiled
By the vile work of sin!

2 O change this stubborn heart of mine,
And make me pure within;
Still manifest thy love divine,
And save me from my sin.

3 Stubborn, untractable, and wild,
By nature is my heart:
O Lord, to me, a patient, mild,
And holy mind impart.

4 Then shall I make redeeming love
My daily, hourly song;
And joys like theirs who sing above,
Shall tune an infant's tongue.

45 *Infant's Prayer.* 7's.

1 JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
Who, for me, life's pathway trod,
Who, for me, became a child;
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2 I thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow thee;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

46 *Hymn for a Child.* 7's.

1 JESUS bids me seek his face;
Lord, I come to ask thy grace;
Send thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love:
Unto thee I fain would go,
All I want thou canst bestow.

2 Thou wilt e'en a child receive;
Thou wilt all my sins forgive:
Oh, dissolve this heart of stone,
Make me thine, and thine alone;
Sin is present with me still,
Disobedient is my will.

3 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail:
O my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guard me every day,
Be my everlasting stay.

47 *For the Young.* L. M.

1 GREAT Saviour, who didst condescen
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

2 'Tis by the guidance of thy hand
That they within thy house appear,
And in thine awful presence stand,
To hear thy word, and join in prayer

3 Like precious seed, in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction they receive,
To thy immortal praise abound,
And make them to thy glory live.

4 Give them a sober, steady mind,
Strength to withstand the snares of sin
Boldly to cast the world behind,
And strive eternal life to win.

5 To read thy word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart;
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

48 *For the Spirit's Influence.* C.M.

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
The icy hearts, blest Saviour, melt,
And break the heart of stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

49 *A Child's Prayer.* C. M.

1 LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

4 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

50 *The Presence of Christ desired.* L. M

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

51 *Overcoming Impediments to Worship.* 7, 8

1 WHY should cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
Oh! where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there!

2 If I loved my God sincerely,
If my heart approved his ways,
It would grieve my heart severely
To be kept from prayer and praise.

3 When on earth the Saviour wandered,
Oft for me his cheek was wet:
Oft in silent prayer he pondered,
Through chill night, on Olivet.

4 Then shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer?
No! where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there!

52 *For Divine Guidance.* 8, 7, 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Thou of death and hell the conqueror,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

53 *Children's Prayer.* L. M.

1 O LORD, behold before thy throne
A band of children lowly bend;
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say, that such in heaven should live
For ever safe, for ever blest.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That he may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4 O let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there;
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

54 *The appointed Way.* 7's.

1 LORD, we come before thee now
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with heavenly grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee,—here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

55 *Lord, remember me.* C. M.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

2 When on my guilty, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me!

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day,
And still remember me!

4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!

5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 The hour is near, the hour of death,
I own the just decree:
And when I draw my parting breath,
Saviour, remember me!

56 *Child's Prayer.* C. M.

1 O GOD! I am a little child
Who fain to thee would pray;
But am so lost in folly's wild,
I know not what to say.

2 O teach my light and erring tongue
To render thanks to thee;
And mould my simple heart, while young,
To deep humility.

3 For thou hast made me what I am,
With brightest hopes before;
And put a reasoning soul within,
To live for evermore.

4 That thou art kind, and great, and good,
I joyfully believe;
But, O thy boundless love to man,
My mind cannot conceive.

5 That thou shouldst send thine only Son
From regions of the sky,
For this whole sinful race of mine
A dreadful death to die,

6 I cannot grasp. But teach me, Lord,
With grateful heart to bow;
And be that reverenced and adored,
Which none conceives but Thou.

57 *The Request.* C. M.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

58 *God's Blessing asked.* C. M.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still:
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Conduct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

59 *An Infant's Prayer.* 7's.

1 HOLY Father, please to hear
Infant praise and humble prayer;
Thou, who gavest us parents kind,
Teach us ever them to mind.

2 Food and raiment, home and friends,
All we have, thy goodness sends;
And for these our hearts shall raise
Grateful thanks and humble praise.

3 Guide our lives in grace and truth,
Through the tempting scenes of youth;
And when here our trials cease,
O receive our souls in peace.

60 *Prayer for Guidance.* C. M.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call:
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love;
That greatest bliss I can receive,
The bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

4 The path to thy divine abode
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

5 Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

61 *A childlike Spirit.* 7's.

1 JESUS, make my sinful heart
Humble, teachable, and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Like a little infant child.

2 Every little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone.

3 From all pride and envy free,
Teach me to obey thy will;
Pleased with all that pleases thee,
Love, and praise, and bless thee still.

4 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.

5 Let me then on thee rely,
While my heart to thee I give;
Happy when I come to die,
If I die with thee to live.

62 *Prayer for Mercy.* C. M

1 MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me—for none besides can save;
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave;—
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me? No:
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

5 To this, this only, will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;—
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

63 *The Child's Prayer.* 7's.

1 JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view, with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour! guide us by thy grace."

3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.

64 *For Morning and Evening.* 7's.

1 GRACIOUS God! to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.

2 Let thy mercy, while I live,
Every needful want supply;
And thy blissful presence give,
To support me when I die.

65 *Morning and Evening.* 7's.

1 TEACH me, Lord, thy name to know,
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love
May I do thy will below
As thy will is done above.

2 When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

66 *Sabbath-scholar's Prayer.* C. M.

1 O THAT the Lord would teach my tongue
The heavenly song to raise;
O that the Lord my heart would fill
With love, and joy, and praise!

2 O that the Lord my steps would guide
In paths of righteousness;
O that the Lord my lips would teach
His ways and works to bless!

3 O that the Lord would give me faith,
The blessed Christ to see;
O that he now would give me grace,
That I to him may flee!

4 O that the Lord would make me know
The riches of his grace;
Then should I live and please him too,
And dying see his face.

GOD.

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67 *God is Light and Love.* 8, 7.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he grants, and wo he lightens:
God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is light, and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the mist his brightness streameth
God is light, and God is love.

4 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

68 *God the Children's Friend.* C. M.

1 WHILE angels praise thy gracious name,
And Holy! Holy! cry;
May little children do the same
And raise their songs on high?

2 They may.—To Samuel thou didst speak,
And mark him as thy own;
They may—for thou hast bid them seek
For mercy through thy Son.

3 And king Josiah in his youth
Was early taught by thee,
To fear thy name, to love thy truth,
And every sin to flee.

4 Nor canst thou change—still, still thou art
The helpless infant's friend;
O, I would give thee all my heart,
And on thy grace depend.

5 And now, O God! to thee I cry:
O form my soul anew;
The Saviour's cleansing blood apply,
And all my sins subdue.

69 *The Lord is here.* L. M.

1 THE Lord is here! He sees us too,
And watches every thing we do;
He sees us when we laugh and play,
And knows if we pretend to pray.

2 The Lord is here! O let us be
Afraid to sin, for God can see;
Lest we should be cast down to hell,
And there in endless sorrow dwell.

70 *There is a God.* L. M.

1 THERE is a God who reigns above,
The Lord of heaven, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he hath made,
To teach us all what we must do;
And his commands must be obeyed,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is an hour when I must die;
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
Thousands of children young as I
Are called by death to hear their doom.

4 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

71 *His name is God.* L. M.

1 WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

2 His name is God! he gave me birth;
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree, and plant, that grows,
To the same hand its being owes.

3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4 Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above;
For very kind indeed is he,
To love a little child like me.

72 *God hears, sees, and knows me.* C. M.

1 GOD is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou needest not fear
He listeneth to thine.

2 God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can—he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven—would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet—but love him here below,
And thou shalt praise him there.

73 *God everywhere.* L. M.

1 AMONG the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way!
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch he keeps,
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, the sea,
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee; he shows me where
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

74 *God eternal and unchangeable.* C. M

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view,
To thee there's nothing old appears;
And nothing can be new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

75 *Omniscience.* L. M.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 How awful is thy searching eye!
Thy knowledge, O how deep! how high!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my evil passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

76 *The all-seeing God.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains
And answer for my guilt.

77 *God is glorious.* C. M.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky:
How shall a child presume to sing—
His dreadful majesty.

2 How great his power, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his holy word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this heavenly train,
And my first offerings bring;
The God of grace will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

78 *God our Heavenly Father.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! and wilt thou be so kind
The comfort of a child to mind?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou hear
My feeble and imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a one as I can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

79 *Love of God.* 7's

1 SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright world above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
He by all must be obeyed;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below!
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

3 God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come:
Praise, O praise, the God of love.

80 *Sincerity in Prayer.* C. M.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise.
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne,
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere:
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

81 *God eternal.* C. M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
Through endless years the same.

4 Time, like an ever-flowing stream,
Bears all its sons away;
We fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

82 *God is everywhere.* C. M.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
And fill me with thy love.

83 *God's Goodness.* C. M

1 COME, let us join, our Lord to praise,
Whose mercy knows no end;
To him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father and our Friend.

2 In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm;
And now he keeps us from the snare
Of sin's deceitful charm.

3 He gives us friends, who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.

4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God;
And sing the glory of his name,
Who bought us with his blood.

84 *God's Condescension.* P. M

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high,
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers
To praise the Lord.

85 *Our God.* 8's.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CHRIST.

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86 *Refuge for the Tempted.* 7's.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

87 *Christ's Compassion.* S. M.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for me.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

88 *Jesus Christ.* 7's.

1 JESUS Christ has lived and died,
What is all the world beside?
This to know is all we need,
This to know is life indeed.

2 Other wisdom seek I none,
Teach me this, and this alone;
Christ for me has lived and died,
Christ for me was crucified.

3 Can my soul on shadows vain
Ever spend a thought again?
No—before this light they flee,
Jesus Christ has died for me.

89 *The good Shepherd.* 8, 7.

1 JESUS says that we must love him;
Helpless as the lambs are we;
But he very kindly tells us,
That our Shepherd he will be.

2 Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.

3 We are always prone to wander,
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee
For thy kindness and thy care.

90 *Christ our Instructer.* L. M.

1 THOU great Instructer! lest I stray,
O teach my erring feet thy way;
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight
Shall guide my youthful steps aright.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim,
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then to my God, my heart and tongue
With all their powers shall raise the song;
On earth thy glories I'll declare,
And heaven my song of joy shall hear

91 *Jesus in the Garden.* 11's.

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head;
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olives, thou dear honoured spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet:
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

92 *Hymn to the Saviour.* 8, 7.

1 HAIL! my ever-blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

93 *The Poverty of Christ.* 7's.

1 EVERY bird can build her nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the worlds were made,
Had not where to lay his head.

He who is the Lord Most High,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

94 *Suffer them to come.* 7's.

1 SAVIOUR, may a little child
Through thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel indeed within
Much of evil, much of sin?

2 Yes, thou saidst, and that's my plea,
"Suffer such to come to me;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is filled with such as they."

3 Saviour! to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by;
In thy fear my years be passed,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

95 *Christ the Way.* L. M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not
My grief and burden long have been,
That I was not released from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
At length I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

4 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

96 *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

1 JESUS! and can it ever be
That I should be ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star! bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,—
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to hush, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
Jesus is not ashamed of me!

97 *Yielding to Christ.* 8's.

1 O JESUS! delight of my soul,
My Saviour, my Shepherd divine!
I yield to thy blessed control,
My body and spirit are thine.

2 Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favour is heaven to me.

3 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away,
O call me thine own little child.

4 And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

98 *A Sight of the Cross.* C. M.

1 I SAW one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood;
Methought he turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and owned the deed,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had shed,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid!
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die,—that thou mayest live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

99 *Christ a Pattern.* C. M.

1 OUR Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight;
In his behaviour meek and mild,
He always acted right.

2 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
To lead them to obey his word,
And never misbehave.

3 "I'm often stubborn, vain, and wild
Self-willed, and hard in heart;
O Lord, to me thy chaste and mild
And holy mind impart."

100 *The Friend.* 8, 7.

1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

101 *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* L. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head.

He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart
He lives, all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives
I know that my Redeemer lives!

102 *The Cross of Christ.* L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And feel ashamed of all my pride.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

103 *The Praise of Children acceptable.* C. M.

1 CHILDREN, of old, hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We too would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.

2 Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.

3 We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.

104 *All for Christ.* C. M.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go!—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of honour, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Dear Saviour! if I could from thee
A holy heart obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

105 *The Gifts of Jesus.* 8, 7

1 JESUS gives us true repentance
By his Spirit sent from heaven;
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
Faith he gives us to believe him,
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wisdom? he must give it,
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

2 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Helps us do what he commands;
Makes us follow his directions,
Gives us willing feet and hands.
All our prayers, and all our praises,
We should offer in his name:
He who dictates them is Jesus;
He who answers is the same.

3 Lamb of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else we count but loss.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Endless source of joy and love;
Grant us, Lord, thy constant favour,
Till we reign with thee above.

106 *Christ our King.* L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ever tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

107 *Christ's Love to the Young.* C. M.

1 WHEN the Redeemer left his throne,
And dwelt with men below;
It was his glorious work to bless,
And happiness bestow.

2 The poor and wretched claimed his aid,
Nor sought relief in vain;
When parents owned his gracious help,
He blessed their infant train.

3 And now, though Jesus reigns above,
He makes the young his care;
And helpless children still he owns,
And they his goodness share.

4 Now we are taught to read that word
Which makes the foolish wise;
O may we know a Saviour's name,
And learn his worth to prize.

108 *Children Blessed.* C. M.

1 HOW happy those dear children were
Whom the Redeemer blessed;
Whom, when he breathed that fervent prayer,
He folded to his breast.

2 How powerfu was that prayer to bring,
All blessings from above;
How true to lead them to the spring
Of everlasting love.

3 How mighty to preserve from sin,
And every dangerous snare;
Often I've wished that I had been
Among the children there.

4 But thanks to that Almighty Friend,
He is the same to-day,
As when he thus refused to send
Those babes unblessed away.

5 And he has made his covenant broad,—
To all who seek his face,
He'll be a Saviour and a God,
And fill them with his grace.

109 *The Coming of Christ.* 7's.

1 WHY did Christ my Lord appear,
Why to sinners thus draw near?
Why his glories veiling thus?
Was it not in love to us?
O what matchless grace to deign,
Thus to stoop my heart to gain!
Thus to live and love, and die!
Oh! thou blessed Jesus, why?

2 While I sing the Saviour's birth,
(Heaven rejoice, and triumph earth!)
I will love and serve him more,
And his grace to me adore!
Like the shepherds on the plain,
Listen to the heavenly strain;
Glory be to God again,
Peace on earth—good-will to men!

110 *Lovest thou me?* 7's.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord—
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shall see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

111 *Christ's Nativity.* C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
The world in darkness lay,
When sudden, glorious, heavenly light
Burst in a flood of day.

3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

4 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise!
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

112 *Christian Example of Benevolence.* L. M.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

113 *Birth of Christ.* 11, 10.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy aid:
Star of the east! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels, adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Sa[illegible]

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountains, and pearl of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

114 *Eternal Life in Christ alone.* C. M.

1 LORD! should we leave thy hallowed feet,
To whom could we repair?
Where else such holy comforts meet,
As spring eternal there?

2 Unmingled joys are thine to give,
And undecaying peace;
For thou canst teach us so to live
That life shall never cease.

3 Thou only canst the cheering words
Of endless life supply;
Anointed of the Lord of Lords,
The Son of God Most High!

115 *Christ the Shepherd.* C. M.

1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow:
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

116 *Humility and Love of Christ.* C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
And all unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

117 *"Suffer little Children to come."* C. M.

1 YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says of me.

3 Though now he is not here below,
We know his holy will;
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

4 Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled;
O then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

5 For as so many years ago,
Children his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

6 Then while this favour to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head.

118 *The Shepherd.* C. M.

1 THOU art our Shepherd, gracious Lord;
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
As children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
To this delightful place;
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
As children of thy grace.

3 O may our teachers, toiling here,
Meet us at last above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
As children of thy love.

HOLY SPIRIT.

119 *Prayer for the Spirit.* L. M.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their Saviour thus they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

120 *Prayer for Sanctification.* S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence dost withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To terror, sin, and law.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

121 *Influence of the Spirit.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O sooth and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

122 *The Spirit's Influence.* C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

THE LORD'S-DAY.

123 *Prayer for the Sabbath.* 7's.

1 MAKER of the Sabbath-day,
Teach us how to praise and pray,
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

2 Giver of eternal rest,
Be thy glorious Gospel blest;
Thou alone canst change the heart,
Thou alone canst peace impart.

3 Ruler of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, on high;
Make the young, as well as old,
Sheep of thy eternal fold.

4 Friend of children, hear our prayer;
Let no trifling feelings dare
Steal the precious hours away,
Of this sacred Sabbath-day.

124 *Sabbath Morning.* S. M.

1 THE night is past and gone,
The Sabbath sun I see;
Now may I rise to see thy grace
Again renewed to me.

2 I humbly bow in prayer,
And supplicate thy throne;
Forgiveness seek for follies past,
And all thy goodness own.

3 O condescend to hear
While I attempt to pray;
And guard me safe from harm and sin
Through all this Sabbath-day.

4 Let not my heart forget
Thy kindness and thy love;
Who gavest for us thy Son to die,
That we might live above.

5 O let thy word of grace
My heart and mind employ;
And in the Sabbath-school this day
May I its light enjoy.

6 Let all my days and nights,
As they revolve around,
Be spent in doing all thy will;
Thus shall my peace abound.

125 *Love of the Sabbath.* L. M.

1 I LOVE to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home;
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above
And made him suffer, bleed, and die.
For sinful creatures, such as I.

From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.

5 And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

126 *Lord's-day Morning.* C. M.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray;
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

127 *The everlasting Sabbath.* 7's.

1 SOON will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.

3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4 Shall we ever rise to dwell,
Where immortal praises swell!
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow!

5 Yes:—that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

128 *Sabbath Evening.* 6's.

THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed?
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employed?

2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again.
Then in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer:
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

129 *Evening Thoughts.* L. M

1 MY days on earth how swift they run,
Another Sabbath's nearly gone;
And who can tell but this may be
The only Sabbath I shall see.

2 Since I am not too young to die,
I would at once to Jesus fly;
His precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Can wash away the foulest guilt.

3 I would his word of truth believe,
That little children he'll receive;
Their feeble prayer will not disdain,
Nor shall they seek his face in vain.

4 On this dear friend may I rely;
Then, should I soon be called to die,
I need not fear, for death would be
A welcome messenger to me.

130 *Prayer for a Blessing.* 8, 7.

HEAVENLY Father! grant thy blessing
On the instructions of this day;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 We are told thy power can reach us
Whatsoever place we're in;
And the Holy Scriptures teach us
Thou wilt surely punish sin.

3 We have wandered, O forgive us!
We have wished from truth to rove;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

4 We have learned that Christ the Saviour
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favour,
And redeem us by his blood.

5 For his sake, O God, forgive us!
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

131 *The heavenly Rest.* L. M.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
Thy servants to that rest aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues

3 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

4 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death and sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine?

132 *The heavenly Sabbath.* L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Draws us away from earth to heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O may our prayers and praises rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 In holy duties may the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

133 *The Heathen have no Sabbath.* C. M.

1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our thankful song
To him that rules the skies.

2 What numbers vainly spend these hours,
That are to Jesus due!
Children and parents how they sin!
And how they perish too.

3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The better paths of truth;
We hail once more the plan of love
That pities wandering youth.

4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err
Too oft we find it so;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

5 O may the God who gave our life,
And thus far leads us on,
Be pleased to train our youthful minds
To know and love his Son.

134 *This is God's Day.* L. M.

1 THIS day belongs to God alone,
This day he chooses for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and being good.

3 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week;
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

4 And every Sabbath should be passed
As if we knew it were our last:
What would the dying sinner give
To have one Sabbath more to live!

135 *Sabbath Employments.* L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

136 *Sabbaths will soon be over.* 7's.

1 SEE! another week is gone!
Quickly have the minutes past;
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last.
Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
Should I be this week removed?

2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we
When the former week begun.
While we pray, and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one, to think,
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink.

137 *Punctuality.* L. M.

1 THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O let me rise and haste away;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins;
I'd ask the favour of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

3 O shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain?
No, let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.

4 These Sabbath-days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more;
I would not then endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

138 *Invitation to Praise.* L. M.

1 THUS far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.

2 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

139 *Invitation to Praise.* C. M.

1 COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all, our days below
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

140 *Prayer for the Sabbath.* L. M.

LORD, give us grace to put away
Each idle thought of work and play;
For thou, O Lord, our hearts canst see,
And nothing can be hid from thee.

2 This is the day of holy rest,
The Sabbath-day which thou hast blest;
O may we all thy will obey,
And holy keep the Sabbath-day.

141 *How sweet is the Sabbath.* 11's.

1 HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest;
The day of the week which I surely love best;
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways.
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

142 *How to behave in God's House.* L. M.

1 WE ought to speak with humble fear
Whenever we kneel down to pray;
His holy word with reverence hear,
And never break the Sabbath-day.

2 But as there will be much amiss,
Whatever care and pains we take,
We'll beg the Lord to pardon this,
And hear our prayers for Jesus' sake.

143 *Welcome to the Sabbath.* S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

THE BIBLE.

144 *Use of the Bible.* 7's.

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

145 *Instruction from the Bible.* L. P. M.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts!
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

146 *The Bible gives Peace.* L. M.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 That sacred book, thy holy word,
All our distressing fear controls;
Sweet peace the promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

147 *The Bible a Treasure.* C. M.

1 THIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Those children are divinely wise
Who make that pearl their own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

148 *How to read the Bible.* C. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its author more;
To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

149 *Praise for the Bible.* C. M.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

2 Here I would learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

3 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

150 *What the Bible tells us.* L. M.

1 THIS is a precious book indeed;
Happy the child who loves to read;
'Tis God's own word, which he hath given
To show our souls the way to heaven!

2 It tells us how the world was made;
And how good men the Lord obeyed;
And his commands are in it too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die:
It points to heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us, Jesus died:
This is its first, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Let us be thankful that we may
Read this good Bible every day;
And learn the way that God hath given,
To lead our souls to peace and heaven.

151 *The Guide of the Young.* C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
O may its precepts guide our youth,
And well support our age.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Lord, send thy word to every heart,
By thine almighty voice:
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

152 *The Seed of the Word.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

153 *Reading the Bible.* L. M.

1 WITH humble prayer, O may I read
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead;
And may his Spirit now impart
A lowly mind, a thankful heart.

2 Be thou my teacher and my guide,
That what I read may be applied;
My danger and my refuge show,
And let me thy salvation know.

154 *God's Word a Treasure.* 8, 7.

1 WHAT a mercy, what a treasure
We possess in God's own word!
Where we read with sacred pleasure
Of the love of Christ our Lord.

2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
Whom our souls so deeply need,
O what mercy, love, and favour,
That for sinners Christ should bleed!

3 While each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee,
In this happy land, salvation
Clearly is revealed to me.

4 O the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love;
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

WORSHIP.

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155 *Worship of God delightful.* L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a taste of heaven below;
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

156 *Sin mingled with Worship.* L. M.

1 WHEN I frequent the house of prayer,
I go and sit with others there;
I hear, and sing, and seem to pray,
But oft my mind is called away.

2 I fain would see the Saviour near,
Of him would think, and speak, and hear
But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
And draw my soul from what is good.

3 Redeemed from earth by Jesus' blood,
I fain would give the day to God;
But seldom to my purpose true,
'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.

4 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief;
O bring my burdened heart relief
Revive thy work within my soul,
And all my thoughts and powers control.

157 *Trifling in Worship.* L. M.

1 IN God's own house for me to play,
While Christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
And devils tremble at his word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God, compassionate and mild,
Forgive the follies of a child;
Teach me to pray and mind thy word,
That I may learn to serve the Lord.

158 *How to behave during Worship.* L. M

1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word, and sing his love,
We ought to worship him below,
As saints and angels do above.

They stand before his presence now,
And praise him better far than we,
Who only at his footstool bow,
And love him, whom we cannot see.

3 But God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

4 The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.

5 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn by Sabbaths here below
To spend eternity in heaven!

159 *Prayer for Direction.* 7's.

1 TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
May thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

160 *For a gracious Mind.* L. M.

1 BLEST Jesus! let an infant claim
The favour to adore thy name;
Thou wast so meek that babes might be
Encouraged to draw near to thee.

2 Then to a child great God impart
An humble, meek, and lowly heart;
O cleanse me by thy precious blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

3 Though oft I sin, yet save me still,
And make me love thy sacred will;
Each day prepare me by thy grace
To worship thee and see thy face.

161 *Choosing to worship God.* L. M.

1 WHILE wicked boys and girls we meet,
Breaking the Sabbath in the street,
Mispending all that holy day
In foolish talk or idle play;

2 We to thy sacred house of prayer,
With gratitude would oft repair,
To adore thy name, and seek thy face,
And hear the messages of grace.

3 The truths thy gospel, Lord, imparts,
Apply with power to all our hearts;
Whilst thou art calling, make us hear,
And worship thee with holy fear.

162 *Love to the Church.* S. M.

I LOVE thy Zion, Lord!
The house of thy abode;
The church, O blest Redeemer! saved
With thy own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny:
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo:
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

163 *The Word sown.* S. M.

1 FATHER of mercies! hear
The notes that children raise;
To our request bow down thy ear,
And hearken to our praise.

2 Within our hearts, the seed
Of sacred truth is sown;
But, Lord! the blessing that we need
Must come from thee alone.

3 That seed will buried lie
Till thou the increase give;
Yet then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.

4 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.

5 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred fold it bear,
The praise is all thy own.

164 *Feeding with the Word.* 8, 7.

1 SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there they're safe from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

165 *On opening a Place of Worship.* C. M

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

166 *The Peace of God.* 8. 7.

1 VISIT, Lord, thy habitation!
Breathe thy peace on all therein;
Peace, the foretaste of salvation;
Peace, the seal of pardoned sin.
Let thy love-infusing Spirit
On each heart be shed abroad:
Raise us, by thy boundless merit,
To become the sons of God.

2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in every heart thy home;
With thy sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come.
Answer all our expectation;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Strong, abiding consolation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

167 *Prayer for the Spirit.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known;
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with a voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

168 *Place of Worship delightful.* C. M.

1 O GOD of hosts! the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place
Where we, with holy joy, behold
The brightness of thy face!

2 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
Which to thy dwelling lead.

3 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King, my God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

169 *One Family in Christ.* C. M

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part is crossing now.

3 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

170 *To Worship acceptably* P. M.

1 O FOR a heart to feel
The presence where we stand!
Remember, as we kneel,
That God is nigh at hand,
And while we meet to seek him thus,
He will be gracious e'en to us.

2 The sigh of one distrest
By sorrow for his sins,
Who humbly smites his breast,
And to serve God begins:
This is the voice that God attends,
And such he chooses for his friends.

3 He knows—he knows of me,
If I am friend or foe;
Wherever I may be
He follows as I go:
Sees every word, and thought, and look,
And writes it in his judgment book.

4 Well may I think with dread
On that tremendous day,
And hang my guilty head,
And now in earnest pray:
In this accepted time I cry,
Have mercy, Lord! or else I die.

171 *Suffer us to come.* 7's

1 LORD, before thy throne we stand,
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon this youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

2 Whither else should children go,
Weak and impotent as we?
Thou hast all things to bestow,
Suffer us to come to thee.

3 While we here have life and breath,
This our constant prayer should be,
This our latest sigh in death,—
Suffer us to come to thee.

172 *We are but young.* L. M.

1 WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

INVITING.

173 *Early seek God.* C. M.

1 IF you will turn away from sin
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
And take your guilt away.

2 He'll show you all his matchless love,
He'll make you heirs of light,
And give you grace, that you may prove
Still faithful in his sight.

3 He'll lead you in the pleasant way
Of holiness and peace;
And guide you thus to endless day,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

4 O stay not in the road to death,
But to the Saviour come;
And, when you lose life's fleeting breath,
He'll send and take you home.

174 *The last Call to Sinners.* L. M.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And leave thy heart to God's control.

2 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

3 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never smile on thee.

175 *The faithful Appeal.* 7's.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye slight his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye careless sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

176 *The firm Resolve.* C. M

1 COME, sinner, in whose guilty breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this firm resolve

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Doth like a mountain rise;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Perhaps he'll hear my cries.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

177 *The Danger of Delay.* L. M.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's hours are gone.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

178 *Precious Invitation.* L. M.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound.
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's untiring wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your souls shall bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

179 *God invites.* 8, 7, 4.

1 SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken,
'Tis the God that reigns on high;
He whose law the world has broken
Sends you tidings of great joy!
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest you die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it
Joyful news from heaven it brings:
Here's a fountain—O draw near it!—
Opened by the King of kings:
Living water
Thence in streams eternal springs.

3 Sinners, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

180 *Invitation to Praise.* C. M.

1 COME, children, hail the Prince of peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring;
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King;
O crown him Lord of all.

3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O haste! before him fall;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 All hail, the Saviour, Prince of peace,
Let saints before him fall;
Let sinners seek his pardoning grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

181 *Christ knocking.* L. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long,—is waiting still,—
You use no other friend so ill.

2 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

3 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you stand.

182 *Come, ye Sinners.* 8, 7, 4.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Hasten! at his footstool fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

183 *Samuel.* P. M.

1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice;
O blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

184 *The broad and narrow Way.* 6's.

1 STRIVE, for the way is strait
In which the Saviour trod;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God.
Cut off the ensnaring hand,
Pluck out the ensnaring eye;
Turn ye at God's command;
Sinners, why will ye die?

2 Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way;
Children, alas! will you
Still blindly go astray?
O shun the crowded gate,
Though wide it seem, and fair
'Twill bring you, soon or late,
To anguish and despair.

3 Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom:
Strive, night is coming on,
Ye hasten to the tomb.
Ask, mercy shall be given;
Seek as for hidden gold;
Knock, and the Lord of heaven
The gates will wide unfold.

185 *Waiting at Wisdom's Gate.* C. M.

1 MY heart has been too long ensnared
In folly's hurtful ways;
O may I be at length prepared,
To hear what wisdom says!

2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat
Invites me to his rest;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
Approach without delay;
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turned away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain;
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

186 *Christ's Invitation.* L. M.

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls!
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

187 *"Give me thy Heart."* 7's.

1 HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
Children, come! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me to-day.

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms;
Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrows free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

4 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

5 Now to thee, O Lord! we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us thy grace divine;
Touch our hearts, and make them thine

188 *Early Consecration.* C. M

1 IN the bright morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless roun
Encompass all thy ways:

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

PENITENTIAL.

189 *The Decision.* L. M.

1 THE smitten heart and starting tear
Which bade me live for God and heaven,
Have sometimes roused my solemn fear,
And made me wish my sins forgiven.

2 But when I mingled with the crowd
That hasten to the world of wo,
I felt too stubborn and too proud
To yield to Christ, and heavenward go.

3 And thus I've gone from day to day,
From month to month, and year to year,
Refusing still to bend and pray,
And shed the penitential tear.

4 But I'm resolved no longer now
To put away the day of grace;
Lest God in anger strike the blow
And make despair my dwelling place.

190 *Earnest Supplication.* 8, 7.

1 JESUS! hear a weeping mourner—
Hear a sinner poor and vile:
Hear me—once a wicked scorner—
Now implore thy pitying smile.

2 Friend of sinners! I have scorned thee—
Scorned thy name, and scorned thy laws;
Yet in mercy hast thou warned me—
Yet in mercy plead my cause.

3 Plead my cause, with power prevailing,
At the sovereign bar of God;
Save me from eternal wailing—
Save me from Jehovah's rod!

4 Lord of pity! see me languish
At thy feet, and bid me live;
Thou alone canst ease my anguish,
Thou alone canst pardon give.

191 *A broken Heart I bring.* L. M.

1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

192 *To the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
That I shall never see thy rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

193 *Seeking after God.* C. M.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

194 *The hard Heart.* C. M.

1 WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,
Who feels with guilt opprest!
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard,
My temper apt to rise;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

3 And yet if I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry;
Some thoughts of folly or of play
Prevent me when I try.

4 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.

5 O look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard;
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.

195 *The only Retreat.* C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet!
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

196 *A Penitent pleading for Pardon.* L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

197 *Returning to God.* L. M.

1 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eye thy griefs discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

198 *Death of Christ.* C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

199 *Past Ingratitude.* S. M

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh:
Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

200 *Walking with God.* C. M

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

201 *Pleading for Mercy.* L. M.

1 WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer!

2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 O think upon thy holy word,
And every precious promise there,
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory 'tis to spare.

4 Remember not my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

202 *The Burden of Sin.* L. M

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
Thy cross was stained with hallowed blood,
That I might taste thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

REDEMPTION.

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203 *Bartimeus.* 8, 7.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Mercy, O thou Son of David!
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

204 *Joy over the Convert.* L. M.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy, the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul now formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

205 *The Mercy-seat.* C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 [illegible] promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead thy gracious name.

206 *The Ark.* S. M

1 BEHOLD the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that blest abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

2 There safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest:
And every wish be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

3 And when the waves of wrath
Again the earth shall fill,
Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,
And rest on Zion's hill.

207 *The Soul.* C. M.

1 THOUGH I am young, I have a soul
The world can never buy;
And while eternal ages roll,
It will not, cannot die.

2 For it must soar to worlds on high,
Where happy spirits dwell;
Or buried with the wicked lie,
Deep in the grave of hell.

3 The soul by blackening sin defiled
Can never enter heaven,
Till God and it be reconciled,
And all its sins forgiven.

4 Till it be pure from all its stains,
In perfect righteousness;
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,
Renewed by sovereign grace.

5 Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace!
And let it holy be;
Arrayed in thine own holiness,
And meet to dwell with thee.

208 *The Wonders of Redemption.* C. M.

1 TO dwell with sinners here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

2 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled!

3 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

209 *The Gospel Trumpet.* P. M.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

210 *The Birth of Christ.* C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng,
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

211 *Grace.* S. M

1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

212 *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace.

213 *The Blood of Christ.* C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

214 *"It is finished."* 8, 7, 4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished—O, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

215 *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

216 *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of gra
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

217 *Call to Praise.* 7's.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land,
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

218 *Salvation.* C ♭

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

219 *"It is finished."* L. M.

1 'TIS finished—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
'Tis finished— yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

220 *Joy for Salvation.* C. M.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

221 *Christ's Ascension.* L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the joyful lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

222 *Praise for Redemption.* P. M.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we have done.

2 To God the Son belongs
  Immortal glory too,
Who ransomed us with blood
  From everlasting wo:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
  Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
  Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
  Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
  And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

GRATITUDE.

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223 *The Object of our Creation.* **L. M.**

1 WHY have we lips, if not to sing
  The praises of our heavenly King?
Why have we hearts, if not to love
Our Father and our Friend above?

2 Why were our curious bodies made,
And every part in order laid?
Why, but that each of us might stand
A living wonder from his hand?

3 Why have we souls, if not to know
The God from whom our mercies flow?
Sure this can never be our lot,
Like senseless brutes, to know Him not!

4 Why have we life?—if not to gain
Immortal life, 'tis worse than vain:
This is the end for which 'twas given,—
We live on earth, to live in heaven.

5 Why did the Saviour leave the sky,
Hang on a cross, and bleed, and die?
And why are kind persuasions sent
To call and win us to repent?

6 Surely it is—that robed in white,
And made well-pleasing in his sight,
Our souls may join the happy throng,
And sing the everlasting song.

224 *Temporal and spiritual Blessings.* C. M.

1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more:
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

4 While some poor wanderers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To mè above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

FILIAL LOVE.

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225 *My Mother.* 7's.

1 COULD I so ungrateful be
As to cause a mother pain?
She was always good to me,
Can I yield her ill again?

2 In each hour of harm or good,
'Twas her hand that all the day
Clothed me, kept me, gave me food,
Taught me how to God to pray.

3 Oft as I have sickly lain,
By my bed her watch she kept;
And when she has seen my pain,
Kindly looked on me, and wept.

4 Heavenly Father, who didst give
Such a gift as this to me;
Grant me, ever as I live,
Gratitude to her, and thee!

226 *Gratitude to Parents.* 8's.

1 MY father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope, that as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

2 You loved me, before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

3 I am sorry that ever I could
Be wicked, and give you such pain;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

4 But, for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart.
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

227 *Duty to Parents.* C. M.

1 LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say,
With reverence heed their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threatened by the Lord,
To him who breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

3 But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Shall long on earth in comfort live,
And live hereafter too.

RELIGION.

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228 *Value of Religion.* **7's.**

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

229 *The great Concern.* **C. M.**

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
Or for an early tomb.

3 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

230 *Early Instruction.* C. M.

1 HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

231 *Early Instruction.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the child whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 O let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

232 *Idols.* C. M.

1 WHAT is an idol?—every heart
Has idols of its own,
Some are of gold and silver bright,
And some of wood and stone.

3 If there be aught the world contains
Which I love more than Thee,
That sinful love within my heart
Idolatry must be.

4 Then take that sinful love away,
And place thy love within;
And break down every image there
That leads me into sin.

5 Deeply inscribed upon my heart
Let thy commandments be;
That there may live within my breast
None other God but thee.

233 *Self-dedication.* S. M.

1 LORD! I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love
Thy blood can make my spirit clean;
O write my name above!

234 *True Wisdom.* S. M.

1 KING Solomon of old
A happy choice had made;
'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,
Nor honours that he prayed.

2 He chose the better part;
He sought for purer joys;
A wise and understanding heart;
And God approved his choice.

3 Far better than his crown,
And all his grand array,
That wisdom was, which God sent down
To guide him on his way.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

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235 *God cares for me.* L. M.

1 GOD the Creator reigns above,
And watches all whom he has made;
He rules the world in bounteous love,
Sees the distressed, and sends them aid.

2 Have I no parent? God will be
Far better than a parent could;
A kind, a gracious Friend to me,
For earthly and for heavenly good.

3 The hearts of all are in his power;
He bids the rich his children feed;
And he supports me every hour,
And gives me all I truly need.

4 I cannot be an orphan then,
My Father is the Lord of all;
And though I have no friend in men,
He hears me whensoe'er I call.

236 *Christ was poor.* 8, 7.

1 AM I poor? do men despise me?
Do they pass me proudly by?
Then, O let me, still remember,
Jesus was as poor as I!

2 Was as poor? nay, he was poorer:
He had neither home nor bed;
Neither friendly shade nor shelter
For his unprotected head.

3 Then I'll ever cease complaining,
What though riches be not mine;
I am poor, and thus, my Saviour!
Does my lot resemble thine.

237 *Leaning on Christ.* L. P. M.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I should pursue,
Or do the sin I should not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

238 *God resorted to in Trouble.* C. M.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

239 *God's Compassion.* C. M

1 PRAISE to the sovereign of the sky,
Who, from his lofty throne,
Looks with compassion on the poor,
And makes their cause his own.

2 When we, the helpless sons of grief,
Low in distress were laid,
His pitying heart our sorrows felt,
His hands were swift to aid.

3 Should kindred, near and dear, forsake;
Or friends and parents die,
God lives, and (blessed be his name!)
Can well the want supply.

4 His bounty gives our daily bread,
He fills our daily cup;
Bids us rejoice in present good,
And cheers our hearts with hope.

240 *The Orphan.* 7's.

1 WHITHER, but to thee, O Lord!
Shall a little orphan go?
Thou alone canst speak the word,
Thou canst dry my tears of wo.
Father! may my lips once more
Whisper that beloved name?
Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,
Let me thy protection claim.

2 O, my Father! may I tell
All my wants and woes to thee?
Every want thou knowest well,
Every wo thine eye can see.
'Twas thy hand that took away
Father, mother, from my sight;
Him, that was my infant stay,
Her, that watched me day and night.

3 Yet I bless thee, for I know
Thou hast wounded me in love;
Weaned my heart from things below,
That it might aspire above.

Here I tarry for a while;
Saviour! keep me near thy side;
Cheer my journey with thy smile;
Be my Father, Friend, and Guide.

241 *The Child's Hymn.* 7's

1 POOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

242 *Pleading with God under Affliction.* C. M.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost;
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God;
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

243 *I'll seek God.* C. M.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy love be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want, or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all I need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

244 *Kindness in Affliction.* C. M.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
"There is no mercy here."

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down;
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

SIN.

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245 *I must not sin.* L. M.

1 I MUST not sin as many do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too;
For God is angry every day,
With wicked ones who go astray.

2 From sinful words I must refrain;
I must not take God's name in vain;
I must not work, I must not play
Upon God's holy Sabbath-day.

3 And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord:
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days
In idle tales and foolish plays.

246 *The Deceit of Sin.* C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind:
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

247 *Allurements of Sin.* 7's.

1 MANY voices seem to say,
"Hither, children—here's the way;
Haste along, and nothing fear
Every pleasant thing is here!"

2 Yes—but whither would ye lead?
Is it happiness indeed?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and wo?

3 We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here,
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile:
Thinking, as we labour thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6 So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led;
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed!

248 *But two Ways.* C. M.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

249 *For Deliverance from Sin.* L. M.

1 FATHER above, in mercy take
A helpless child beneath thy care,
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my feeble prayer.

2 I am a little sinful child,
And have a wicked heart within;
O make me humble, meek, and mild,
And wash me clean from every sin.

3 I'm not too young for thee to see,
Thou know'st my frame and nature too;
And all day long thou look'st on me,
And see'st my actions through and through

4 Thou hearest all the words I say,
And know'st the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
Art sure to see it if I sin.

5 O can I ever tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
Now that I know that thou art by,
And hast me always in thy sight!

6 And when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I now must always think of this—
My *heavenly Father looks at me.*

IDLENESS AND PRIDE.

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250 *Against Pride in Clothes.* L. M.

1 HOW proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new:
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before!

2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

3 Then, will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

4 No more shall worms with me compare ·
This is the raiment angels wear:
The Son of God, when here below
Put on this blest apparel too.

5 In this, on earth, would I appear,
Then go to heaven, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

FALSEHOOD AND PROFANENESS.

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251 *Lying.* S. M

1 GOD is a God of truth,
And hates a lying tongue;
And what is more depraved in youth?
A liar bold and young!

2 Nothing can be concealed
By the most artful lie;
To God e'en then it is revealed,
For he is ever by.

3 And he will surely tell,
At the great judgment-day,
All we had thought concealed so well,
And hoped had passed away.

252 *Evil Company.* C. M

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names, and fight?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song;
Their words offend my ears;
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I might grow.

4 I hate to walk, I hate to dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

253 *Forsaking Sinners.* L. M.

1 ANGELS that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble low in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

3 I'll leave my playmates whom I hear
Profanely take thy name in vain;
Lest I too learn to curse and swear,
And dwell with them in endless flame.

254 *We cannot trust Liars.* L. M.

1 O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way!
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say!

2 But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

3 Have children never heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold,
As to confirm the wicked lie,
That, just before, her husband told.

5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

255 *Children mocking.* C. M.

1 OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

2 Should any dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

256 *Save us from Falsehood.* 7's.

1 LORD! if e'er I dare to speak
Words of falsehood, check my tongue
Lest I sin against thy laws,
By committing what is wrong.

2 Plainly doth thy word declare
Thou the wicked dost despise,
Who with base and impious lips
Utter fearful oaths and lies.

3 Why, if I have dared commit
What is evil in thy sight,
Should I seek by an untruth
To conceal it from the light.

4 Idle words and foolish jests
Are offensive, Lord, to thee;
Thou requirest in the heart
Perfect truth and purity.

5 Teach me then, O Lord! to shun
Evil speaking in my youth:
So shall I in after-days
Hope to walk with thee in truth.

257 *Lying.* C. M.

1 THOSE children who a promise give
Should always keep their word;
And falsehood from their little mouths
Should never once be heard.

For when a child a lie has told,
He cannot be believed;
Not even when the truth he speaks,
Because he once deceived.

O who a lie would dare to tell,
And bring himself to shame;
And thus offend the God of truth,
And mock his holy name!

TIME UNCERTAIN.

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258 *Time is flying.* C. M.

1 HOW long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move along, as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end
Eternity has none:
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first began.

4 Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

259 *To-morrow.* S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise, and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make us children truly wise,
That we may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's bright beams at once should die,
In sudden endless night.

260 *Time fleeting.* S. M.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

261 *Danger of Delay.* L. M.

1 WHY should I say, 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven or think of death?
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 What if the Lord in wrath declare,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

3 'Tis dangerous to provoke our God;
His power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Can send young sinners quick to hell.

4 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

262 *To-day.* L. M.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear;
Swift on the wings of time it flies;
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
None can resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense;
And shall they fail to reach my heart!

3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart;
For strength, and life, and death, are thine.

263 *Life is a Span.* S. M.

1 MY life's a narrow span,
A short uncertain day;
And if I reach the age of man,
It soon will pass away.

2 I may, for aught I know,
This hour the summons hear,
To call me where the wicked go,
Or where the saints appear.

3 Teach me, with all my heart,
Thy mercy to embrace;
May I from every sin depart,
In this, my time of grace.

264 *Delay not Repentance.* C. M

1 O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by;
For now is the accepted time,
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until the dying day;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
We would no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

265 *Frailty.* S. M.

1 THE lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.

2 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom:
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly cry;
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

SICKNESS.

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266 *Hope in Sickness.* C. M.

1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
Behold him, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the blest above,
In Jesus' presence, know.

267 *For a sick Child.* L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

2 Let me be patient all the day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake.

268 *Recovery from Sickness.* C. M.

1 I THANK the Lord who lives on high,
Who heard an infant pray;
And healed me that I should not die,
And took my pains away.

2 O let me love and serve thee, too,
As long as I shall live;
And every evil thing I do,
For Jesus' sake forgive.

269 *Teacher's Illness.* L. M.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Regard our simple earnest prayer,
And make our teacher now thy care.

2 Preserve thy servant from the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, to save
Back to our hopes and wishes give
Our teacher, Lord, and bid him live.

3 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the narrow way.

4 Around him may thy angels stand,
To bear him to a better land;
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to the upper skies.

DEATH.

270 *Death of a Child.* C. M

1 'TIS Jesus speaks! I fold, says he,
These lambs within my breast:
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blessed.

2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

3 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine,
"O Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine."

271 *Reward of the faithful Teachers.* 8, 7.

1 WHEN the infant spirit, flying,
Smiles and gladly leaves its clay,
On a Saviour's death relying,
Soaring to the world of day;

2 If beside that pillow, standing,
One there be, who taught it so;
Led that little soul, expanding,
All the love of God to know;

3 O how pure must be the pleasure,
Thus his sweet reward to see;
As its life fulfils its measure,
As it seeks eternity!

272 *The righteous Dead.* 8, 7.

1 THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are singing hymns above.

2 While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish
Enter not the world above.

273 *Death of a pious Child.* S. M.

1 WHEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly then departs the breath!
The dying pang how mild!

2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do
Upon its mother's tender breast,
And as securely too.

3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care;
And he will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

274 *Death of a Scholar.* C. M.

1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side,—
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago, *he* filled his place,
And sat with us to learn:
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last!

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

275 *The Fear of Death removed.* L. M.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

276 *Triumph in Death.* L. M.

1 JESUS! my head must soon be laid
In some cold grave beneath the shade;
But wherefore should I fear to die,
Since death has lost the victory!

2 Yes, thou hast conquered even death,
Which can but take this feeble breath;
My soul shall live, and rise, and sing
The praises of my glorious king.

277 *Thoughts of Death.* 8, 7.

1 LET me think, if I were dying,
(And I very soon must die,)
On what hope am I relying?
To what refuge could I fly?

2 Not a sister, nor a brother,
Nor the holiest of men;
Nor a father, nor a mother,
Could afford me refuge then!

3 They could only stand beside me,
Smooth my pillow, mourn my fall;
But death's power would soon divide me
From the dearest of them all.

278 *Solemn Thoughts.* L. M.

1 WHERE should I be, if God should say
I must not live another day;
And send and take away my breath?
What is eternity and death?

2 My body is of little worth,
'Twould soon be mingled with the earth
For we were made of clay, and must
Again, at death, return to dust.

3 Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,
Where God himself for ever is:
Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.

4 And hell's a state of endless wo,
Where unrepenting sinners go;
But none that seek the Saviour's grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

5 O, let me then at once apply
To him who did for sinners die;
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell for ever with the Lord.

279 *A Saint prepared to die.* C. M.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
When will salvation come!

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of his Son.

280 *Death of a Mother.* L. M

1 THE bosom where I oft have lain,
And slept my infant hours away,
Will never beat for me again,
For it lies dead, and wrapt in clay.

2 How many were the silent prayers
My mother offered up for me;
How many were the bitter cares
She felt when none but God could see.

3 Well, she is gone, and now in heaven
She sings his praise, who died for her;
And to her hand a harp is given,
And she's a heavenly worshipper.

4 O let me think of all she said,
And all the kind advice she gave;
And let me do it now she's dead,
And sleeping in her lowly grave.

5 And let me choose the path she chose,
And her I soon again may see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
With Jesus, in eternity.

281 *The Grave.* P. M.

1 THERE is a grassy bed,
A cold and gloomy cell,
In which some youthful head,
Reclined, will surely dwell;
Before another pleasant spring
The first young violets shall bring!

2 O, if on yonder side
A hand of dazzling flame
Should the blue heavens divide,
And write that young one's name;
His knees would shake, his blood run cold,
Like the Chaldean king of old.

3 With earnest hope and fear,
For pardon he'd implore,
And spend this hasty year
As he spent none before;
To Jesus Christ his soul would cling,
As the one only needful thing.

4 Well, let the name be mine,
(As possibly it may,)
Great Saviour, now incline
This thoughtless heart to pray;
Help me to choose the better part;
Help me to give thee all my heart.

5 Then though the grassy bed,
The cold and gloomy cell,
Should bear my youthful head,
For me it will be well;
Yes, better far than dwelling here,
Away from home, another year!

282 *Eternity.* L. M.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand!
And careless view departing day,
And throw my precious time away!

2 Eternity!—without a bound;
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
But O, if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

283 *Death of a Child.* 7's.

1 MOURN not ye whose child hath found
Purer skies and holier ground;
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
Free from thorns and fresh with dew.

2 Mourn not ye whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel-band,
To a better, fairer land.

3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and wo,
Joys which mortals may not share;
Mourn ye not your child is there.

284 *For a dying Child.* C. M.

1 MY heavenly Father! I confess
That all thy ways are just;
Although I faint with sore distress,
And now draw near the dust.

2 How soon my little strength has fled!
My life will soon be past;
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last.

3 Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
"Let little children come;"
On this kind word I would rely,
Since I am going home.

4 O, take this guilty soul of mine
That now will soon be gone,
And wash it clean, and make it shine
With heavenly garments on.

5 My heavenly Father! hear my prayer,
Accept my feeble praise;
And let me quickly meet thee where
A nobler song I'll raise.

285 *Death of a Scholar.* L. M.

1 A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2 No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill his teacher's listening ear;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie;
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night that fills the tomb.

4 And we live on, but none can say,
How near or distant is the day
When death's unwelcome hand shall come,
To lay us in our narrow home.

5 God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath;
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

286 *Death-bed.* C. M.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes;
When burdened by the weight of years
This broken body lies;

3 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;

4 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And in thy fond embraces, lose
The bitterness of death!

287 *A Thought of Death and Glory.* C. M

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And commune with the dead.

3 Then we should see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should lov
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come;
Our souls would mount, and fly away
To their eternal home.

288 *Sleeping in Jesus.* L. M.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

JUDGMENT.

289 *Judgment-day.* C. M

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos d
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

4 Prepare me, Lord, to meet that day,
Ere yet it be too late,
When I shall view these solemn scenes,
And feel their awful weight.

290 *The Judge.* S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away!

5 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

So shall the curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

291 *The wicked Child judged.* L. M.

1 HOW dreadful, Lord, will be the day
When all the tribes of dead shall rise,
And those who dared to disobey
Be brought before thy piercing eyes!

The wicked child, who often heard
His faithful teachers speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word,
Shall not be able then to flee.

No teacher, then, shall bid him pray
To him, who now the sinner hears,
For Christ himself shall turn away
And show no pity to his tears.

4 Great God! I tremble at the thought;
And at thy feet for mercy bend,
That when to judgment I am brought,
The Judge himself may be my Friend.

292 *Time mis-spent.* S. M.

1 A DREAD and solemn hour
To us is drawing near;
When we, before the throne of God,
All present shall appear.

What answer shall we give,
When God himself demands,
The uses of such times as these,
In judgment, at our hands?

3 And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain;
The seasons that were once our own,
But cannot be again?

4 This will be wo indeed:
To regions of despair
Our own neglect will sink us down,
To mourn for ever there.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

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293 *Heaven.* C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

294 *Heaven and Hell.* S. M.

1 THERE is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must forever dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this dreadful end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to endless death.

295 *Questions and Prayer.* C. M.

1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray!

2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild,
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the folly of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

296 *Hope of Heaven.* C. M

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

297 *Hope of Heaven.* P. M.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So the soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant, in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

298 *Heaven.* C. M.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

299 *The Young in Heaven.* C. M.

1 WHAT souls are those that venture near
The throne of God to see?
Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we!

2 Their sins the Saviour washed away,
He made them white and clean;
They loved his word, they loved his day;
They loved him though unseen.

3 Now under many a grassy mound
Their youthful bodies rest,
But safe their happy souls are found
Upon their Saviour's breast.

4 O may we travel, as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven,
And seek forgiveness from that God
Who hath their sins forgiven.

5 Dear Saviour! hear our humble cry,
And our young hearts renew;
Then raise our ransomed souls on high,
That we may see thee too.

300 *Who shall live in Heaven.* S. M.

1 THERE is a land above
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

301 *Heaven.* C. M.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite and sing his praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

302 *Eternity.* C. M.

1 THE sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
And I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine,
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But I must live in heaven on high,
Or where deep darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must forever be!

303 *The New Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

MORNING.

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304 *Morning Praise.* **C. M.**

1 BEHOLD once more the morning sun,
How shining bright and gay!
Cheerful I'll leave my peaceful bed,
And read, and sing, and pray.

2 Through Jesus' kind indulgent care,
In peace I laid me down;
And 'tis his soft, bright beams of love
My waking moments crown.

3 No sad alarm my slumbers broke,
No terror, fear, or dread;
No sickness seized my tender frame,
Nor flames came round my bed.

4 Lord! condescend to teach a child
To praise the Saviour's love;
O, let me live to thee below,
And dwell with thee above.

305 *Morning Hymn.* C. M

1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord! by thee;
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2 Preserve us, Lord! throughout the day,
And guide us by thy arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.

3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

306 *Morning Hymn.* C. M.

1 THE morning breaks; my voice I raise
To thee, great God above;
Accept my prayer, my feeble praise,
In kindness and in love.

2 Forgive the crimes that I have done;
My follies I deplore;
And since another day's begun,
O may I love thee more.

3 Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye,
And grant through every hour I may
On grace divine rely.

4 Keep me from sinful thoughts, O Lord,
And make my heart sincere;
Make me to read thy holy word
With reverence and fear.

5 Then shall I be prepared below
For thy eternal home;
Where pleasures like a river flow,
And sorrows never come.

307 *Thanks for the Light.* L. M.

1 O GOD! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest has passed away
And that I see my Father's smile,
In this fair light that makes it day.

2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thy all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

308 *Going to Sabbath-school.* L. M.

1 THE hour is come, I will not stay,
But haste to school without delay,
Nor loiter here, for 'tis a crime
To trifle thus with precious time.

2 Say, shall my teachers wait in vain,
And of my sad neglect complain?
No! rather let me strive to be
The first of all the family.

3 I should be there with humble mind,
To seek the instruction I may find;
And while I hear the sacred page,
O may its truths my heart engage.

4 These golden hours will soon be o'er
When I can go to school no more;
How shall I then endure the thought
Of having spent my time for naught?

309 *Morning Mercies.* 8's.

HIS mercies, in Jesus renewed,
Each morning I wake to adore,
A fountain of infinite good,
A sea without bottom or shore:
My Lord, inexpressibly kind!
O when shall I thank him above,
To Jesus eternally joined,
Absorbed in the depths of his love.

310 *Morning Hymn.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

311 *Morning Mercies.* S. M.

1 AWAKE! my heart, awake!
Thy gracious God to praise;
Who condescends such care to take,
And lengthen out my days.

2 While some have passed the night
In restlessness and pain;
I rise in health, to see the light,
And seek the Lord again.

3 This day will many die!
This hour what numbers go!
What if my soul be called to fly,
And I that change should know!

4 Lord, come, and be my guide
Through this uncertain space;
Keep me for ever near thy side,
And grant a child thy grace.

EVENING.

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312 *An Evening Hymn.* C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conscience, speak my peace
Through his atoning blood:
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.

4 Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me by faith on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.

5 Guide me through life's uncertain path,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath
Through each revolving day.

6 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

7 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

313 *The Night of Death.* S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

314 *Evening Hymn.* L. M

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God, when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

5 If wakeful in the night I lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And save me from the approach of ill.

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

315 *Another Day passed.* L. M.

1 ANOTHER day its course has run,
And still, O God! thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close,
And soon, when all the world is still,
I'll give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

316 *Solitude.* C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

317 *God's Protection.* 8's.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

318 *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

319 *Saturday Night.* C. M.

1 GOD over all, for ever blest!
Grant me thy grace within;
That I may keep to-morrow's rest,
A rest indeed from sin:

2 A rest from all my usual play,
A holy rest in thee;
Then will thy blessed Sabbath-day
Be a sweet rest to me.

3 Lord, sanctify my every thought
In these my days of youth;
Make me remember what I'm taught
Out of thy word of truth.

4 O, teach me how to pray aright,
And what to ask of thee;
That when I'm kneeling in thy sight,
I may not thoughtless be.

5 But give me faith to look above,
And see my Jesus there,
To feel a dying Saviour's love,
In answer to my prayer.

320 *Evening Worship.* L. M

I HEAR the call—I will not stay,
But take my seat without delay;
Should others loiter, I'll be there,
Nor will I miss the time of prayer.

2 When darkness shades the distant hill
The little birds are hid and still;
And I a quiet sleep may take,
For my Creator is awake.

3 'Tis sweet to lie upon my bed,
And think my Saviour guards my head;
And he a helpless child can keep
Throughout the silent hours of sleep.

OPENING SCHOOL.

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321 *Prayer on opening School.* S. M.

1 NOW we've assembled here,
To read, to learn, and pray;
Shed on us, mighty God, thy fear,
To keep us through the day.

2 Be vanity afar,
And every evil thought;
O let us think how blest we are,
In being rightly taught.

3 Nor let us lightly hold
The blessing that is given;
To learn that love that can't be told,
Which angels sing in heaven.

4 Impress upon our hearts,
Great Spirit, all we read;
And when all other stay departs,
This will be sweet indeed.

322 *A Blessing asked.* L. M.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

323 *Prayer to God.* 7's.

1 WHEN we children bend the knee
Round the mercy-seat of love,
Then our voices rise to thee,
God omnipotent above!

2 Able thou to seek, to save,
Able to forgive and bless;
Grant each blessing that we crave,
Pardon sin we all confess.

3 Teach us what we ought to seek,
Now all prostrate in thy sight;
We are sinful, poor, and weak,
Thou alone canst lead us right.

324 *Prayer.* C. M.

1 ADMITTED where thy truths are taught,
While pious hearts adore;
Father in heaven! my spirit ought
Thy blessings to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray;
My wayward passions tame;
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

3 With humble awe thy power I see,
Thy boundless mercy sing,
Few words become a child like me
Before so great a King.

4 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust in Him who died,
To yield submission to his will,
For all is vain beside.

325 *Attention at School.* L. M.

1 DEAR children! have you ever thought
That you will come to school in vain,
Unless you think of what you're taught,
And try instruction to obtain?

2 Allow no idle thought or look,
Let no disturbing sound be heard;
And when you read God's holy book,
Be sure you mind it every word.

3 His holy will is written there,
For our instruction 'tis designed;
Then surely we should never dare
To read it with a thoughtless mind.

CLOSING SCHOOL.

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326 *Blessing asked.* P. M.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord! bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

327 *Directions.* C. M.

1 NOW, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still;
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3 Improve the strength you here have gained
To do his holy will.
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for nought;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

328 *Reflection.* C. M.

1 AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 O, surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing if I live.

THE YEAR.

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329 *Many have died.* 7's.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year;
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us hence forth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

330 *Time flies.* C. M.

1 QUICKLY my days have passed away,
How soon, alas, they're gone!
Life's gayest scenes decline in haste,
Just like the setting sun.

2 Always in motion, ne'er at rest,
My minutes onward roll;
Swift to pursue their destined course,
And soon to reach the goal.

3 Eternal pains, or endless joys,
Stand waiting at the door;
The moments past, or those to come,
Are not within my power.

4 God of my strength and of my hope,
In whom I live and move,
Help me by thine instructive grace
The present to improve.

5 And if through this revolving year
Thou shouldst my life prolong,
O may thy wisdom guide my steps,
Thy praise employ my tongue.

331 *Recollection of Sin.* C. M.

1 THIS year is hastening too away,
The hours are closing fast;
My heart, alas! has much to say
About the time that's past.

2 How oft I've risen from my bed,
And not remembered prayer;
Or if the words of prayer I've said,
My thoughts have been elsewhere.

3 Ill temper, passions, hateful pride,
Have grieved my friends and Thee;
And seldom I've sincerely tried,
Gentle and good to be.

4 But, Lord, thou hast already known
More of my guilt than I;
There's not a fault that I can own
Too small for God to spy.

332 *God has preserved us.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it, till it close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Thy praises shall our lips employ
In the eternal world of joy.

MISSIONARY.

333 *The Bible for the Heathen.* 7's.

1 SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow;
With her own maternal hand,
'Mid the waves her infant throw!

2 Hark! I hear the piteous scream;
Frightful monsters seize their prey;
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel,
She, unmoved, that cry can hear.

4 Send, O send, the Bible there;
Let its precepts reach the heart;
She may then her children spare,
She may act the mother's part.

334 *The Heathen perish.* L. M.

1 THE heathen perish,—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, talents, labour, freely give,
Spend and be spent, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for Him would you not do?

335 *Salvation for the Heathen.* 7, 6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,—
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

336 *The Promises.* 8, 7, 4.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blest jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their fearful darkness shine;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
To the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Over all the earth be swayed.

337 *"Thy kingdom come."* L. M.

1 THY kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said

2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hatred, strife, and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.

3 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

4 Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.

5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "*God is Love.*

338 *Prayer for the Missionaries.* L. M.

1 MILLIONS there are on heathen ground
Who never heard the gospel's sound;
Lord, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

2 Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell;
To those who give, do thou impart
A generous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share;
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.

339 *For the Spread of the Gospel.* 7's.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

340 *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess:
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand,
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth hath run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

341 *The Day breaking.* 8, 7, 4

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the dawning ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day;
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 God of Jacob! high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord! at thy command.

342 *Prayer for the Success of Missions.* L. M.

1 INDULGENT God, to thee we pray,
Be with us on this solemn day;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have, and are, combine
To aid this glorious work of thine.

3 May multitudes of souls be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound:
And let barbarians, bound and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.

4 Where pagan altars now are built,
And blood of beasts or men is spilt;
There be the bleeding cross high reared,
And God, our God, alone revered.

343 *Prayer for Missions.* L. M.

1 BE merciful, O God of grace,
To us thy people: let thy face
Beam on us, that thy church may shine,
In this dark world, with light divine.

2 Reveal, O Lord, thy saving plan
To all the families of man:
Let distant nations hear thy word,
Let all the nations praise the Lord.

3 Let them with joy thy praises sing,
Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King
Illumined by thy holy word,
Let all the nations praise the Lord.

4 Then shall this barren world assume
New beauty, and the desert bloom:
Our God shall richly bless us then,
And all men fear his name. Amen!

344 *Prayer for Missions.* L. M.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 Baptize the nations, far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

4 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through thee.

345 *The World's Conversion.* L. M.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favoured hour:
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

4 Go, messengers of Christ, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To India's clime the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

346 *Darkness in Palestine.* **L. M.**

1 NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding star the wise men see;
And heavy is oppression's yoke,
Where first the gospel said, Be free.

2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd-throng,
Good will and peace, are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light,
That from eternal wo doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

4 Behold the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land;
And with its Sabbath lesson blends
Fond memory of the mission band.

5 With pitying zeal o'er ocean's wave,
We reach, the helpless hand to take;
O, may we but one wanderer save!
We ask it for a Saviour's sake.

347 *Prospects of the Heathen.* 8, 7.

1 HARK!—what mean those lamentation
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
Come, and help us, or we die!

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

348 *For a missionary Meeting.* S. M.

1 WE meet for evening prayer!
Lord, give us life divine;
Let every tongue thy praise declare
And all our hearts be thine.

2 Hark! the sweet anthems rise
Where pagan altars stand;
The swelling chorus mounts the skies
From every pagan land.

3 While glad hosannas ring
From desert, rock, and sea;
The heathen tribes their children bring,
And give them, Lord, to thee.

ANNIVERSARY OCCASIONS.

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349 *Fourth of July.* C. M

1 TO Thee, the little children's Friend,
Their hymn to day shall rise;
O from the heavenly courts descend,
And bless the sacrifice!

2 While through our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee;
Our accents shall the notes prolong;
We children, too, are free!

3 The past with blessings from thy hand,
Was richly scattered o'er;
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.

4 O may the future be as bright,
Nor be thy favours less;
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.

5 On earth prepare us for the skies;
And when our life is o'er,
Let us to purer mansions rise,
And praise thee evermore.

350 *Sabbath-school Celebration.* 7, 6.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labour for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

351 *Praise for Mercies.* 8, 7.

1 CROWNS and praises! crowns and praises!
To the Lord of Hosts belong;
Every soul that on us gazes
Come and join the glorious song;
We are few to count his mercies,
Mean to raise his honours high;
Come and join our humble praises,
Every soul that passes by!

2 If each people, tribe, and nation,
Here could glad hosanna sing;
If the mighty, vast creation
Every tuneful voice could bring;
Yet how poor would be the sounding
Of the songs they all would raise!
Lord, thy mercies, more abounding,
Rise above our highest praise.

352 C. M.

CHOIR.

1 LET little children come to me,
The blessed Saviour said,
And kindly laid his hand on those
Who unto him were led.

2 To those who early seek my face
Shall early grace be given;
The humble and the childlike ones
Shall dwell with me in heaven.

CHILDREN.

3 Thou that hast gone to take thy throne
In thy own courts above;
Thou that didst pity children then,
Regard us now in love.

4 Deep on these young and thoughtless hearts
Thy sacred likeness trace;
And gird us by thy Spirit, Lord,
To run the Christian race.

5 Safe through the snares around our path,
O guide our wayward feet;
And in each painful scene of life
Be thou our sure retreat.

353 *Children's Prayer for a Blessing.* 7, 6.

1 IT is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day;
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away;
It is not friends that leave us,
It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy beyond earth's control;
Rich from the throne it springeth,
A fountain to the soul;
He that is meek and lowly,
The Saviour's face shall see;
To none but to the holy,
Heaven's gates shall opened be.

3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,
While we thy word are taught;
And may these days that cheer us,
With future good be fraught;
May we, to heaven invited,
When youth and life are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
Assemble round the throne.

354 L. M.

By the Children and Choir.

CHILDREN.

1 RICH is the sacred song that swells
Where God in light and glory dwells
What joyful choir their notes combine!
Who utter music so divine!

CHOIR.

2 'Tis the sweet song of spotless love,
Which ransomed children sing above;
Early to God their hearts were given,
And now they dwell with him in heaven.

CHILDREN.

3 O, who may hope with them to be,
And join their tones of harmony!
Who can escape from earth and sin,
And pure and holy be within!

CHOIR.

4 In strength divine, the youngest may
Begin a holy life to-day;
Through Him that loved us, hopes remain
That none shall seek the Lord in vain.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace?

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to thee, O Lord, for ever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to thee, O God! the giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story!
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er!
All his grace, and all his glory,
O proclaim for evermore!

358 *God seen in his Works and Word.* C. M

1 WE seem to hear a voice of praise,
Here, 'mid the leafy bowers;
From murmuring streams whose crystal maze
Doth cheer the thirsty flowers.

2 But louder where yon lofty trees
By summer's hand are drest;
It swells on every gentle breeze,
From bough, and spray, and nest.

3 But if the things by nature taught
Pour music o'er the sod,
How high should rise our raptured thought,
Who learn the word of God!

4 To us he speaks, from morning's cell,
From evening's dewy sphere;
And when the holy Sabbath bell
Salutes the Christian's ear.

5 To us he speaks, he guides our choice
By heaven's own book divine;
And aids our teacher's much-loved voice
To fix each treasured line.

6 To us he speaks, and we in praise
Would still our offering bring;
Here, where creation joins our lays,
And there, where angels sing.

359 *Christ the Source of Blessings.* C. M

1 THE moon and planets, while they run
Their circles round the night,
Receive their lustres from the sun,
Source of created light.

2 Angels and saints on earth, alone,
Beauty and bliss obtain,
From him that sits upon the throne,
The Lamb that once was slain.

3 O Sun of righteousness, impart
Thy glorious light divine;
On every school, in every heart,
Arise, and ever shine.

4 Still may we, Lord, drawn by thy love,
Our source, attraction, end,
Round thee, our sun, perpetual move;
To thee, our centre, tend.

360 L. M.

1 NOT by the brazen trumpet's voice,
But the sweet skylark's early lay
Our schools are summoned to rejoice
In God their Saviour, on this day.

2 Then, in the temple of the Lord,
Assembling round the throne of grace,
We sing, and pray, and hear the word,
And see our glorious Maker's face.

3 Salvation's silver trumpet brings
Heaven's richest music to our ears;
Happy, whose heart with rapture springs
At the first welcome note he hears.

4 He, when the last dread trumpet's tone
The dead to second life shall call,
May stand unmoved before the throne,
While stars like lightnings round him fall.

5 He, where eternal Sabbaths shine,
Where all by God himself are taught
Lessons shall learn of truth divine,
Of power and love, surpassing thought.

361 *The End of Time.* L. M.

1 TIME grows not old with length of years,
Changes he brings, but changes not;
New born each moment he appears;
We run our race, and are forgot.

2 Stars in their yearly rounds return,
As from eternity they came,
And to eternity might burn;
We are not for one hour the same

3 Children now, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

365 *Christ's Example.* L. M.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild and ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life supremely bright.

4 But O how blind, how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord! we depend upon thy care,
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

5 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour! daily more like thee.

366 *How to pray aright.* S. M.

1 I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?

2 'Tis useless to implore,
Unless I feel my need;
Unless 'tis from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

3 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

4 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he ever those regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

5 Lord! teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

367 *Children's Harvest Hymn.* 7's.

1 EVERY sheaf of golden grain,
Standing on the smiling plain,
Tells us, if we do not know,
Whence our many blessings flow.

2 Thanks we bring for earthly good,
Nobler thanks for richer food;
Love divine to us has given
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.

3 Children now, with heart and voice,
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Love divine to us has given
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.

3 Lord! to these thy favours, give
Hearts to serve thee while we live;
Till we reap, where Jesus is
Harvests of immortal bliss.

368 *The Lord's Prayer.* L. M.

1 OUR Father! who dost dwell on high
In heaven, so far above our sight;
All hallowed be thy name we cry,
Thy glorious name, so great in might.

2 Thy kingdom come! O haste the time
When all shall bow before thy throne;
When every nation, every clime,
Shall thy supreme dominion own.

3 Thy will be done on earth, O Lord!
As it is done in heaven above;
Where angel-hosts perform thy word,
With holy zeal and ardent love.

4 Give us each day our daily bread,
With every other needed good;
And while our bodies thus are fed,
Feed thou our souls with angel's food.

5 Pardon our sins, O Lord! we pray,
Repeated every hour we live;
Forgiving grace to us display,
As we each other's faults forgive.

6 Save from, or bring us safely through,
Temptation's sharp and trying hour;
Preserve us from all evil, too,
And guard our souls from Satan's power.

7 Thine is the power, the kingdom thine,
And thine the glory evermore;
Let all in heaven and earth combine
Thy name forever to adore.

369 *Worship.* 11, 12.

1 O LORD, let our songs find acceptance before thee,
And pierce through the skies to thine uppermost throne;
For thou stoopest to listen when mortals adore thee,
And sendest thy blessings like messengers down.

2 Our Father, our Father, we ask thee to guide us,
And keep us from sin till life's journey be o'er;
Then the last sigh of nature, whate'er else betide us,
Shall waft us to glory, when time is no more.

3 Then, then will we sing the sweet song of the blessed,
And mingle our strains with the myriads above;
Far surpassing all strains that our tongues e'er expressed,
And Jesus, the chorus, and Infinite Love.

370 *The Orphan's Prayer.* P. M.

1 O THOU! the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone my eyes look up,
In each distressing day!
Father! for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
Instruct this heart to pray.

2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh,
But thine, to mark my wo:
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to sooth my fears,
Remains to me below.

3 And if thy wisdom should decree
An early sepulchre for me,
Father, thy will be done:
On thy dear mercy I rely,
And if I live, or if I die,
O leave me not alone.

371 *For Sabbath Morning.* L. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet morn, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ;
And come, a little favoured band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our infant hearts would humbly pray
That he will bless our school to-day;
To him our joyful notes of praise,
With one united voice we raise.

3 An offering to our heavenly King
Of glad hosannas now we bring;
And hope at last in his embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.

4 O it shall be our constant prayer,
That we may here his blessings share;
Then go and live at Christ's right hand,
A joyful, happy, favoured band.

372 *Where is God?* 7's.

1 IN the stars that shine so bright,
In the moon I see above,
In the sun that gives me light,
In the worlds that round him move;

2 In the ocean, in the seas,
In the dry and fruitful land,
In the green and lofty trees,
In the wind that makes them bend;

3 In the flowers that smell so sweet,
In the garden where they grow,
In the house, and in the street,
In the school-room where I go:

4 In the dark when children sleep,
In the room to hear their prayer;
God will all good children keep,
God is here, and everywhere.

373 *The Ways of Wisdom.* C. M.

1 WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin!
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein.

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

374 *Blesings of the Godly.* S. M.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways;
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet!

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

375 *The Christian Pilgrim.* P. M.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A dwelling in the skies.

2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see;
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

3 And this plain rule forbids me quite,
To strike an angry blow;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

4 But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.

379 *The Sabbath-school preferred.* C. M.

1 FOR worldly honour, I'd not waste
Of life my little span;
For better is the love of God
Than highest praise of man.

2 I would not live to gather gold,
Which misers round them hoard;
For he who trusts in riches here,
Can never please the Lord.

3 But I would in the Sabbath-school,
A faithful scholar be;
And for my own and other souls
Would wear my life away.

4 Let others see in all I do,
That 'tis my constant aim,
That they and all should love the Lord,
And fear his sacred name.

380 *The Infant Orphan.* L. M.

1 LATELY, I wandered sadly, where
None watched my way or saw my lot:
Yet God beheld me, and his care
Shielded the child that knew him not.

2 The kind Redeemer's gentle name
Upon my lips was never found;
He spared me—yes, the very same
That wheels those starry worlds around.

3 I sometimes thought there was a power
Made the tall trees and flowers to grow;
Bade sunshine warm and tempests lower,
And who but God could thunder so?

4 But now I know the Bible tells
Of Him that rolls the stars along;
Above the clouds my Maker dwells,
And yet he hears my humble song.

5 I know of Jesus, too, whose love
For children, young and frail as we,
Brought Him, the Lord of all above,
Down to the manger and the tree.

6 And well I know that babes distressed,
And weary, find in him a home;
For he will take them to his rest,
He says "forbid them not to come."

381 *Parting with a hopeful Scholar.* L. M.

1 WE offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestowed
In leading one beneath our care,
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2 What trials to *his* lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfil,
We do not know, but in them all,
Be thou *his* strength and comfort still.

3 May Jesus be *his* constant friend,
The Bible *his* support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide *him* day by day.

382 *Opening a new School-room.* 8's.

1 WITH grateful delight we survey
The work of this building complete
We bless thee, dear Saviour, this day
We thus are permitted to meet.

2 But what will this structure avail,
Unless thy kind presence is here;
Our work will entirely fail;
No fruit unto God will appear.

3 But sweet are thy promises, Lord,
On these let us ever depend;
Thou sayest where thy name we record,
Thy presence and grace shall attend.

4 Then thankful for all that is past,
With cheerful delight may we move;
Whilst gracious Redeemer, we ask
For brighter displays of thy love.

383 *Character of Samuel.* C. M

1 WHEN Eli's sons by deeds profane,
Their father's God denied,
Destruction like a whirlwind came,
And in disgrace they died.

2 But pious Samuel, young in years,
The Lord of Hosts adored;
And ministered in holy things,
According to his word.

3 With humble mien, submissive, meek,
Before the priest he stands;
Anxious to know his Maker's will,
And practise his commands.

4 The Lord his fervent offerings blessed,
And blessed his future days;
And still shall youth his smiles obtain,
Who live unto his praise.

384 *Brotherly Love.* L. M.

1 THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

2 The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word;
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

3 Great God! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

385 *Conscience.* 7's.

1 WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, "It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

2 If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess;
Do not dare to tell a lie."

3 In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child consider," Conscience cries:
"Should not God be sought to-day?

4 When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill;
"Now subdue it." Conscience cries;
"And command your temper still."

5 Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

6 But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

386 *The Lord of All.* C. M.

1 WHERE is the high and lofty One?
His dwelling is afar;
He lives beyond the blazing sun,
And every distant star.

2 But God, whom thousand worlds obey,
Descends to earthly ground,
And dwells in cottages of clay,
If there his saints are found.

3 Is not the heaven of heavens his own?
Yes—he is Lord of all;—
And there, before his awful throne,
The saints and angels fall.

4 But, little child, with joy attend;
For if you love him too,
This mighty God will condescend
To come and dwell with you.

387 *Brotherly Love.* 8, 7

1 LITTLE children love each other,
Is the blessed Saviour's rule;
Every little one is brother
To his mates at Sabbath-school.

2 We're all children of one Father,
The great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel?—No; much rather
Would we be like him—all love.

388 *Remember me.* L. M

1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.

2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 O save me from that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who suffered, groaned, and bled for me.

389 *The Way to know the Lord.* C. M.

1 THIS is the way to know the Lord,
And this will please him too,
To read and hear his holy word,
That tells us what to do.

3 He lives in heaven, and does not need
Such little ones as we;
But he is very kind indeed,
And even cares for me.

3 Though if I tried with all my might,
And did the best I could,
I should not always do it right,
And could not do him good.

4 Then let me love him for his care,
And love his holy word,
Because he teaches children there,
To know and fear the Lord.

390 *The Angels.* C. M.

1 THE children's angels always view
Their heavenly Father's face;
His joyful messengers and true,
In providence and grace:—

2 But not to angels' care alone
We children are consigned,
To God himself our wants are known,
The Lord to us is kind.

3 Yes;—every comfort here below,
And every hope above;
All that we have and are, we owe
To his unfailing love.

4 Then let us act as in his sight,
And on our humble way,
Walk in the liberty of light,
As children of the day.

5 Young though we be, and in the prime
Of life's unfolding powers,
Of all the moments of our time,
This, only this, is ours.

6 We seize it, Lord, before 'tis past;
We yield ourselves to thee;
Thine be our earliest years, our last,
And our eternity.

391 *For a very little Child.* C M

1 O THAT it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

2 Wherever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

3 When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got;
And never touch a pretty thing
If mother tells me not.

4 And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well.

5 For God looks down from heaven high,
Our actions to behold:
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

392 *Prayer for a very little Child.* 7's

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

3 O supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me.

393 *The Ministry of Angels.* C. M.

1 GOD'S angels come from heaven on high,
To keep me safe from harm;
To guard my head from danger nigh,
My bosom from alarm.

2 They keep a careful watch all night,
Around my peaceful bed;
They will not let an evil light
Upon my slumbering head.

3 They love to hear an infant pray,
And praise the name divine;
I cannot hear their songs, but they
Can hear and join in mine.

4 They guard my path to heaven, and they
At last, my soul will bear
Upon their shining wings away,
Their happiness, to share.

394 *Closing School.* 7's.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy, and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

395 *Repentance.* S. M

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one;
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We would at once begin.

396 *It shall be well with the Righteous.* S. M.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grieved at his delay.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin, arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

397 *Serious Thoughts of God.* C. M.

HOW great is God! who made the earth
By his almighty power;
Who gave to all the creatures birth,
And keeps them every hour.

2 Does that great God my actions see?
And will he hear my prayer?
Will he look down to notice me,
And make my soul his care?

3 Yes, though he is so very great,
And reigns in heaven above;
He looks upon my humble state,
With pity and with love.

4 He sent his only Son, to save
My soul from death and hell,
That I might live beyond the grave,
And in his presence dwell.

5 Great God! I never can repay
Thy wondrous love to me;
But O may I, without delay,
Yield my whole heart to thee!

398 *The Infant-school.* S. M.

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

399 *Infant Hymn.* L. M.

1 O LORD of Hosts! thou King of kings!
Before whose throne, assembled sings
The great angelic host above,
In hymns of praise and notes of love.

2 O hear this little infant band,
Who now have met at thy command
To bless thy name and try to raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

3 Blest be thy name that we are fed,
And clothed, have where to lay our head;
That day by day we know and share
The blessings of thy constant care.

4 But most of all, we bless thee now
That early we are taught to know
Thy will revealed in thy good word,
And read of Christ, our living Lord.

5 O let thy word as dew distil,
Our thirsty souls with knowledge fill;
O let thy Spirit light our eyes,
And make us to salvation wise.

400 *Mariner's Sabbath-school Hymn.* L. M.

1 HAPPY is he who early steers
Like a trim vessel, straight for heaven;
Who Christian colours bravely rears,
And keeps the course that God has given.

2 Life is the ocean; years the tide
That floats ten thousand barks along;
Sins are the rocks on every side
Where passion drives a current strong.

3 Pleasure, that looks so bright and fair,
Is like the shallows, set with sands;
And many a wreck, forlorn and bare,
Lies high and dry upon those strands.

4 Faith is the compass, firm and true,
Whose needle points to Christ the pole;
That morning star will guide us through,
Though winds may howl and waves may roll.

401 *Birth of Christ.* C. M.

1 WAKE, slumbering world! a midnight cry,
Comes with almighty breath;
Wake! thy redemption draweth nigh,
Shake off the dust of death.

2 Yon star,—those angels, shepherds, kings,
A birth from heaven proclaim;
God's only Son thy ransom brings,
Immanuel is his name.

3 Gather thy children from afar,
Of climes and tongues unknown;
Show them the stable and the star,
Christ's manger and his throne.

4 There, with the angels, loud and sweet,
All hearts, all voices blend;
There with the shepherds at his feet,
All knees, all nations bend.

5 There with the wise men from the east,
Sinners their offerings bring;
Each at that altar is a priest,
And every priest a king.

6 For he shall wash them in his blood,
Shall with his robes array;
And make them kings and priests to God;
Lord Jesus! haste the day.

402 *Bible Examples.* C. M.

1 ISAAC was ransomed while he lay
Upon the altar bound;
Moses, an infant cast away,
Pharaoh's own daughter found.

2 Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all;
To Hannah's child the Lord foretold,
How Eli's house must fall.

3 David the bear and lion slew,
And on Goliath trod;
Josiah, from his boyhood knew
His Father, David's God.

4 Children are thus Jehovah's care,
Thus youth may seek his face;
Since his own Son he did not spare,
With him he gives all grace.

403 *About Work and Play.* C. M.

1 POOR children who are all the day
Allowed to wander out,
And only waste their time in play,
Or running wild about;

2 Who do not any school attend,
But trifle as they will:
Are almost certain in the end
To come to something ill.

3 There's nothing worse than idleness
To lead us into sin:
'Tis sure to end in wretchedness
In poverty and pain.

4 Sometimes we learn to lie and cheat,
Sometimes to steal and swear;
These are the lessons in the street,
For idle children there.

404 *Who will enter Heaven.* C. M

1 O WHO are they that venture near
The throne of God to see!
Ten thousand happy ones, who here
Were children such as we.

2 Their infant spirits stayed awhile
With tender friends below;
But death came early with a smile,
And glad they were to go.

3 Their sins the Saviour washed away,
He made them white and clean;
They loved his word, they loved his day,
They loved him though unseen.

4 O may we travel as they trod,
The path that leads to heaven;
And seek forgiveness from that God,
Who hath their sins forgiven.

5 Dear Saviour! hear this humble cry,
Our sinful hearts renew;
That near thy throne so bright and high
We may behold thee too.

405 *"Lord, is it I?"* C. M.

1 WHO would not join the fervent cry?
Who would not seek thy face?
And say, my Saviour! is it I
Who shall refuse thy grace?

2 Shall I a hardened sinner prove?
Shall I thy favour spurn?
Is my young heart too proud to move,
Too obstinate to turn?

3 Forbid it, Lord! we humbly pray,
And take us for thine own;
We would not live another day
With such a heart of stone.

4 O let not one before thee now,
Thy dreadful vengeance meet;
But make the boldest of us bow
Repenting at thy feet.

406 *Shall we only render Words.* 7, 6.

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.

Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming,
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

407 *On opening a new School.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, our feeble efforts own,
And crown our labours with success;
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

2 To these our pupils mercy show,
And let their souls before thee live;
For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.

3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the better part,
And serve thee in their youthful days;

4 Then we and they when time shall end,
Shall joyful meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee to eternity.

408 *Jesus Christ an Example.* P. M.

1 JESUS when a little child
Taught us what we ought to be;
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was the Saviour's infancy:
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of his Son.

2 As in age and strength he grew,
Heavenly wisdom filled his breast;
Crowds attentive round him drew,
Wondering at their infant guest:
Gazed upon his lovely face,
Saw him full of truth and grace.

3 In his heavenly Father's house,
Jesus spent his early days;
There he paid his solemn vows,
There proclaimed his Father's praise:
Thus it was his lot to gain
Favour both with God and man.

4 Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod;
May it be our great delight
To obey thy will, O God!
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

409 *Samuel in God's Temple.* L. M.

1 YOUNG Samuel, in his infant days,
Was carried to the house of God;
Early he learned his Maker's praise,
While in his holy courts he trod.

2 To him while in his childish years,
The Lord his God himself made known,
And told in little Samuel's ears,
The things that shortly should be done

3 That Samuel (highly favoured child)
Would be a prophet, Israel knew,
For all his sayings were fulfilled,
And every word he spake was true.

4 Then let us be, like Samuel, still
Ready to listen to the Lord;
For God can yet himself reveal
To children in his holy word.

410 *Remember now thy Creator.* C. M

1 REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

411 *Christian Communion.* S. M

1 CHILDREN! our Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, our roving hearts!
Here wait, our warmest love!
Till this communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

412 *The Coming of Christ.* S. M.

1 LORD Jesus, come! for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus, come! for still
Vice shouts with senseless mirth:
And famished thousands crave their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

3 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
The Christian mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

4 Hark! herald voices near
Proclaim thy happier day:
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew thy way.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

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413 *Praise to God.* **L. M.**

1 ETERNAL power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
In vain the loftiest angel tries
To reach thy height with wondering eyes.

2 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And mortals learned to lisp thy name;
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

3 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our prayers, our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

414 *Songs of Triumph.* **C. M.**

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne;
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Toil, trial, suffering still await,
Those that compose our throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.

3 Worthy the Lamb, who once was slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

4 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died, our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!

415 *What shall we give Thee?* L. M.

1 CREATURES, dependant day by day,
By goodness and by mercy blest,
What have we, Lord. to give away?
What single treasure, self-possessed?

2 'Tis of thine own, whate'er we bring;—
Time, gold or talent, strength or zeal;
And sovereign favour is the spring
Of all we are, or do, or feel.

3 Virtue and power thy grace imparts;
Gives vital warmth to head and hand;
Stirs the dead current round our hearts,
And sends us forth, a living band.

4 Thine now, by twice ten thousand claims,
What can we to thy bounty pay?
What but enrol our worthless names,
Thy servants, to our dying day!

5 Yet, Lord, so frail and faithless we,
Such traitors to the vows we take,
Thou, surety for thy servants be,
Or twice ten thousand ties we break.

416 *Love.* L. M.

1 LOVE is the theme of saints above;
Love be the theme of saints below;
Love is of God, for God is love;
With love let every bosom glow.

2 Love to the Spirit of all grace,
Love to the Scriptures of all truth;
Love to our whole apostate race,
Love to the aged, love to youth.

3 Love to each other;—soul and mind,
And heart and hand with full accord,
In one sweet covenant combined
To live and die unto the Lord.

4 Christ's little flock we then shall feed,
The lambs we in our arms shall bear;
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

417 *Speaking and Singing of Christ.* L. M.

1 WHY should believers when they meet
Not speak of Christ, the King they own!
Who gives them hope that they shall sit
With him, for ever on his throne.

Is any other name so great
As his who bore the sinner's load?
Is any subject half so sweet
So various as the love of God?

3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
That makes his opposition cease;
Beholding love's amazing plan
He drops his arms and sues for peace.

4 'Twas so with us, we once were foes,
Were foes to Him who gave us breath;
But he whose mercy freely flows,
Has saved us from eternal death.

5 We look with hope to that great day
When Jesus will with clouds appear;
A sight of him will well repay
Our labours and our sorrows here.

6 Of Him then let us speak and sing,
Whose glory we expect to share;
In heaven we shall behold our King,
And yield a nobler tribute there.

418 *Take up thy Cross.* L. M.

TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross! then, in his strength,
And calmly, sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross! and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

419 *Crowning the Saviour.* C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Teachers, who surely know his love
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 May we with heaven's rejoicing throng
Before his presence fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

420 *Invitation to Praise.* S. M.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

421 *Union.* L. M.

1 UNION! it is a hallowed name
To all who feel the Saviour's love;
Whose hope of heavenly joy's the same;
Who by their works their faith would prove.

2 We would adore his wondrous grace,
That teachers here in love agree,
Satan's malignant hosts to face,
And make the alien armies flee.

3 Lord! let our union more increase,
As months and years revolve their round;
In purest holiness and peace
Let us, thy servants, still be found.

4 Bending our zeal with watchful care
From house to house, from door to door
Till all, matured instruction share
With all the children, rich and poor.

422 *Universal Praise.* 8, 7.

1 SAINTS, with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin;
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within.

4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

423 *Praise to Christ.* 8, 7.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb! by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made with man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;

There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

424 *Pleading the Promise.* 8, 7.

1 BLESSED Saviour—Thou hast told us,
In the midst of two or three,
Thou art present to behold us,
If we humbly call on thee;
Blessed promise—blessed promise,
May we thy salvation see!

2 O instruct us, gracious Master,
While thy tender lambs we guide,
May we lead them to green pasture,
By the living water's side,
Where the fountain of salvation,
Pours its soul-refreshing tide.

3 Lord, we bring our charge before thee,
Little ones of thine own fold;
Teach them, Saviour, to adore thee,
As those children did of old,
Who sung praises, high hosannas,
When the hearts of men were cold!

4 Haste the time, when all the islands
In the bosom of the sea;
And the lowlands, plains and highlands,
Shall resound with praise to thee;
And the children of all nations,
Shall their God and Saviour see.

425 *Prayer to Christ.* C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

426 *The Presence of Christ desired.* L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold! at thy commanding word,
Let Zion stretch her cords abroad;
Come, then, and fill that wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

427 *Prayer for Success.* 8, 7, 4.

1 THOU, who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
These, the babes of Zion see;
Bless the labours,
That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon the weak endeavour,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Lo! they rise,—to live for ever!
Train, O train them for the sky!
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Let no self-applauding feeling,
Naught of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing
Poison what our hands have done;
Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.

4 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction,
And prevent its growing cold;
Or support us,
E'en if blessing thou withhold.

5 Yet, with humble fervour bending,
We that blessing would entreat;
In the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion,
Turn the young inquirer's feet

6 Then, when long we both have slumbered,
Side by side, in common dust,
With thy ransomed people numbered,
With the assembly of the just;
Child and teacher,
Saviour! own our humble trust.

428 *Prayer for God's presence.* C. M.

1 O COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

429 *What is Prayer.* C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold he prays."

430 *Prayer to the Saviour.* 8, 7.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirit nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,—
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares;
Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

431 *The great Physician* C. M.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
Blest Saviour, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief."

3 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

432 *Pray and not Faint.* S. M.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

433 *The Benefits of Prayer.* L. M.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

434 *The Woman of Samaria.* C. M.

1 LIKE her who on Samaria's ground,
Beneath a sultry sky,
Oft at the Patriarch's well was found,
Her weary toil to ply:

2 Thus we our measured span employ
In labours, long and vain;
We try each boasted fount of joy,
And drink, and thirst again.

3 O thou, who with a pitying heart,
Didst hear her earnest tale,
To us that living stream impart,
Whose waters never fail.

4 So shall our broken cisterns nere,
By fickle dew-drops fed,
No more awake the bitter tear,
Or bow the sorrowing head.

5 A holy fountain in the soul,
Eternally shall rise,
Supplied by those pure streams that roll
Where pleasure never dies.

435 *Exhortation to Prayer.* L. M.

1 WHAT various hinderances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

436 *For the Holy Spirit.* C. M

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

437 *Christ in the Prayer Meeting.* C. M

1 JESUS, unite our hearts to thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our meetings everywhere,
Be thou our aim alone.

2 Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,
Without a rival reign;
Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

438 *What we meet for.* S. M.

1 O JESUS, not for pride
Or selfishness we meet;
For prayer and praise we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

2 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy gracious presence feel!

4 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

439 *The Example of Christ.* L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

440 *Prayer to Christ.* L. M.

1 O THOU our Teacher, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy gifts abundantly increase:
And fill us with the peace of God!

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed!
And pure as thou thyself art pure;
Conformed in all things to our head.

441 *Prayer for a Blessing.* P. M.

1 TO thee, our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours·
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Who meet before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heaven our home;
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

442 *Christ in the Midst.* L. M.

1 CAN we believe thy precious word,
And not assemble in thy name,
Sure if we meet, to meet our Lord,
And catch thy whisper, "Here I am!"

2 Where two or three, with faithful heart,
Unite to plead the promise given,
As truly in the midst thou art
As in the countless hosts of heaven.

443 *The Mercy-seat.* C. M.

1 NO, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray;
My latest breath, with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

2 There is a heavenly mercy-seat
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see.
My soul is but the sooner driven.
Eternal Rock, to thee!

4 O for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear;
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer!

444 *Christian Fellowship.* L. M.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

445 *Teacher's Object.* C. M.

1 ATTRACTED by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun,
Though different spheres may mark our course,
Our centre is but one.

2 As teachers of the young we meet,
Our object is the same;
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.

3 We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ;
O may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy.

4 May union, zeal, and wisdom join,
To make our meetings blessed;
And mutual love to God and man,
Be constantly possessed.

446 *All one in Christ.* S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

447 *The Yoke easy.* C. M.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptized into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And kindly speak the same.

4 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

448 *Communion.* L. M.

1 BRETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His sufferings and his dying love,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

449 *For the Spread of the Gospel.* C. M.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blest,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own—

5 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee, face to face!

450 *Christian Fellowship.* S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

451 *Take up the Cross.* S. M.

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his preserving grace!

2 Preserved by power divine
We meet as brethren here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last;

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

452 *Try us, O God.* C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

453 *Dependent on God.* S. M.

1 HOW serious is the charge
To train the infant mind;
'Tis God alone can give a heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless;
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

454 *Holy Fortitude.* C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas.

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine;
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

455 *Watch and pray.* S. M.

1 MY soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

456 *Prayer for God's presence.* L. M.

1 HERE, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet,
Joined by the cord of mutual love,
Bound to our common friend above.

2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address;
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appeared a child of lowly birth.

3 Bless all the plans which we devise,
May they be useful, good, and wise,
Whilst we our humble labours bend,
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

4 May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

5 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face,
That we may feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.

457 *The hope of the Church.* L. M.

1 CHILDHOOD and youth, how vain they seem!
Their beauty passes like a dream,
And soon or late, the loveliest bloom
Will fade and wither in the tomb.

2 Yet in our charge with hope we trace
The features of a future race,
And in these youthful classes, see
The seed of churches yet to be.

3 God of the church, which must remain
While generations wax and wane,
For this we toil,—O deign to bless
The humble effort with success.

4 Hence, fill thy courts with songs of praise,
Hence, ministers and people raise,
And hence, supply the failing bands
That bear thy word to heathen lands.

5 We plead thy promise, sovereign Lord,
While thus we pray with one accord;
E'en as thy promise let it be,
For, touching this, we all agree.

458 *Sabbath-school Union Hymn.* 8, 7.

1 BE the little ones instructed,
Taught the knowledge of the Lord;
To the school—to church conducted;
Christ invites them in his word.

2 Brethren, sisters! fond of guiding
Youthful feet that wandering stray;
In your Saviour's help confiding,
Lead them on in wisdom's way.

3 Still the Lord, by invitation,
Welcomes children to his arms;
Boundless is the Lord's compassion,
Sweet the voice of Jesus charms.

4 Hear us, Saviour! now imploring
For the children of our care;
May their hearts, by love adoring,
Find access to thee in prayer.

5 Lord of teachers! blessed Jesus,
As thou wert, make us to be;
Then what pleaseth thee will please us,
We shall then resemble thee.

459 *Teacher's Prayer.* S. M

1 CONTROL my every thought;
And all my sin remove;
Let every work in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O bless me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my faith and zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

5 O may I love like thee;
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

4 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
And hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

460 *Reliance on divine Assistance.* S. M

1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

461 *The private Concert.* C. M.

1 THE burden of their souls they bring,
At prayer's appointed hour;
To Him whose favour is the spring
That gives the truth its power.

2 Eye meets not eye, but every heart
Together joins in prayer;
Love binds the souls whom space would part,
And God is everywhere.

3 As clouds from different sources rise
Above this scene of toil,
And fall in blessings from the skies
To cheer the thirsty soil—

4 So shall their prayers together blend
Before the throne above.
And streams of hope and joy descend
To crown their work of love.

5 Lord! may thy Spirit give success,
To all who seek thy face;
And youthful hearts be taught to bless
The wonders of thy grace

462 *Christ's presence desired.* C.

1 LORD, we esteem the favour great,
And give the praise to thee,
That we can thus together meet,
And none to make us flee.

2 But hours like this will barren prove
Unless we see thy face;
Come then, O Saviour, from above,
And consecrate this place.

3 O let the visits of thy love
The purest joys impart!
Let all our deadness now remove,
And zeal fill every heart.

4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
In spite of earth and hell,
Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
And all thy goodness tell.

5 Lord, let thy people's light so shine,
That all the world may see,
And own its origin divine,
And give the praise to thee.

463 *Progress of the Gospel.* 7's.

1 WHEN the glorious work begun
Small and feeble was its day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

2 More and more it spreads and grows;
Strong and mighty to prevail;
Sin's stronghold it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

464 *Christ interceding.* C. M.

1 O THOU that pleadest with pitying love—
How large that love and free,
When sad and wounded here we prove,
There's rest alone in thee.

2 Poor wanderers tired, bereft of all,
To sin and bondage sold;
We strive, till freed from Satan's thrall,
We're brought to Jesus' fold.

3 With fervour at the sinner's heart
Thou pleadest to enter in;
And there the kindly balm impart
That heals the wounds of sin.

4 "Open my sister to thy spouse,
My love is ever true;
My head with drops of midnight flows,
My locks are filled with dew."

5 Who shall not, Lord, with love adore,
When thus Jehovah pleads;
What bosom will refuse the door,
When Jesus intercedes?

6 Enter this heart, my Saviour, God,
Subdue to thee this breast;
Shed thy renewing grace abroad,
And be my constant guest.

465 *Sowing the Seed.* S. M.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.

4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

7 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

466 *Sabbath-school Teacher's Prayer.* C. M

1 TEACHER divine! we bow the knee,
Submissive, at thy throne;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee,
Ah! leave us not alone.

2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
Instruct each tender heart;
Then deign to hear, hide not thy face,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.

3 Without thee we can nothing do,
But further from thee stray;
Oh! change our hearts, our minds renew,
And teach us how to pray.

4 And may the sacred tie of love
Bind us together here;
A foretaste give of joys above,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer.

5 Thus while on earth, we would adore;
When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, children, meet once more,
Transplanted to the skies.

467 *Loving-kindness.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,—
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale.
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

468 *The great Teacher.* 7's.

1 CHRIST was teaching all the day
Where the throng of hearers met;
And at night retired to pray
In the mount of Olivet.

2 He on no soft couch reposed
Through the 'customed hours of sleep;
But when others' eyes were closed,
He awoke to pray and weep.

3 All the labours we have shared,
O how poor, and little worth,
When with these, so great, compared,
Of our Saviour upon earth!

4 O may gratitude inspire,
Him to follow now above;
Then our hearts will never tire
In these humble deeds of love.

469 *Heaven desirable.* 11's.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

470 *Teachers' social Prayer-meeting.* C. M.

1 COME! let us join our notes of praise,
With all the heavenly throng;
Let harmony our voices raise,
And love employ our song.

2 Like Jesus let us strive to be,
In temper and in mind;
Forgiving, humble, meek and free,
Benevolent and kind.

3 Lord! let no strife our union spoil,
But love and friendship thrive,
Supply our souls with holy oil,
To keep the flame alive.

4 And when at length our weary feet
This vale of tears have trod;
May children and their teachers meet
Around the throne of God.

471 *The Light of Zion.* C. M

1 HAIL, highly favoured of the skies,
Awake to joys divine;
Spring from the dust, transported rise,
In robes of splendour shine.

2 Before thy rising morn are driven
The shades of midnight gloom:
Bursting in brilliant rays from heaven,
Thy glorious light is come.

3 To illume thy throne, thy fame to spread,
Thy Lord his love displays,
And pours his wonders round thy head
In everlasting blaze.

4 Earth's proudest monarchs, at command,
Within thy courts await;
And millions, flown from every land,
Swarm round thy golden gate.

5 From realm to realm thy wondrous light
Extends its dazzling sway,
And banishes earth's gloomy night
With heaven's reflected day.

472 *Responsibility.* S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

473 *Teachers' Prayer.* L. M.

1 MAY we who teach the rising race,
Be filled, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach impart,
O Lord, renew each youthful heart;
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labour's not in vain.

4 When at thine awful bar they stand,
O welcome them to thy right hand,
To join with us the heavenly lays,
And sing our great Redeemer's praise.

474 *Teachers' Meeting.* L. M.

INDULGENT God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we *have* and *are* combine,
To forward objects so divine.

475 *Pleasure of Teaching.* C. M.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands,
Like heavenly manna, fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To piety and truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And let the praise be thine.

476 *Social Worship.* P. M.

1 WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be (saith God) to bless,
And every burdened soul redress,
Who worships at my throne.

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart the Spirit's gracious power,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

477 *Prayer for Children.* L. M.

1 O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring these children to thy throne;
Give them with thee a heavenly place,
Let them be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from them each stain of guilt,
And let them all be sanctified;
Lord! thou canst cleanse them if thou wilt,
And all their native evils hide.

3 We ask not for them earthly bliss,
Or earthly honours, wealth, or fame;
The sum of our desires is this,
That they may love and fear thy name.

478 *Death of a Teacher.* S. M

1 WEEP, little children, weep,
A teacher gone before;
For those that loved to see his face
Shall see his face no more.

2 Yet all whom once he taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness he sought,
May him in glory meet.

3 Grieve, brother teachers! grieve;
With you he bore the cross;
And gladly, for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

4 His eye, his voice, his hand
Still marshal you along;
A fearless, firm, united band—
Quit you like men—be strong.

5 Strong in the Lord was he,
And valiant for the truth;
Go, train your little ones to be
Christ's soldiers from their youth.

479 *Farewell to a Teacher.* L. M.

1 DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2 Yes, thou must fill thy future lot,
Far from thy fond and cherished friends;
But not to be by us forgot
While life its beating pulses spends.

3 We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away

4 We'll think of thee whene'er we meet,
Our weekly lessons to prepare;
Nor deem our social band complete,
Whilst thou, dear friend, art wanting there.

5 We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks a dying Saviour's love;
And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

6 Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart;
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

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480 *Idols.* S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus! the hinderance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

481 *Christ the Physician.* L. M

1 JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee:
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

482 *God our Portion.* C. M.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God,
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

7 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

8 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

483 *Uncertainty.* 7's.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

484 *True Zeal.* C. M

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

4 O Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

485 *Lord, search me!* L. M.

1 GOD, from his high and lofty throne,
Stoops to behold all earthly things·
To him the minds of all are known,
From meanest slaves to mightiest kings.

2 Does pride, or love of man's applause,
Usurp dominion o'er my heart?
Or does the love of Jesus' cause,
Its sacred energy impart?

3 While I address the young—"Be wise,
O fly to Jesus and his cross!"
Do I all earthly things despise,
And count them but as dust and dross?

4 Lord, search my motives, try my heart,
And show me every secret sin;
That I may ne'er from thee depart,
And thou may'st always rule within.

486 *The Resolution.* C. M.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

487 *Vain Boasting.* S. M

1 BEWARE of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
I never will deny the Lord,
But grant I never may.

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone,
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all his works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

488 *The Surrender.* 8, 7, 4.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near:
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

489 *Communion with God.* L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

490 *Importance of Time.* 8, 8, 6.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By thy almighty grace.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
O tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
Then shall I all thy will perform,
And to the end endure.

491 *Hinder me not.* C. M.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

492 *Grace.* C. M.

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

493 *Pressing onwards.* C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

494 *Eternal Life.* L. M.

I LIVE to die, I die to live,
And live, no more to die again;
In death I shall a life receive,
In worlds remote from death and pain.

2 This life I owe to Him who died,
And rose, and reigns in yonder skies;
I triumph through the Crucified,
And dead with Christ, with Christ shall rise.

3 His wondrous death my life ensures,
His wondrous rising death destroys;
While Jesus lives, my life endures,
That life the measure of my joys.

4 Then let me live, and let me die,
To Him who lived and died for me;
That I may rise with Him on high,
To life and immortality.

495 *Rock of Ages.* 7's.

1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

496 *Christian Warfare.* S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Stand, then, against your foes
In close and firm array,
Legions of enemies oppose
Throughout the evil day:

6 But meet the sons of night,
And mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:

8 Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

497 *Communion with God.* L. M.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone:
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

498 *Christ the Rock.* C. M.

1 IN every care that dims the mind,
When dark temptations press,
Let me with Christ a shelter find,
My Rock, my Righteousness.

2 If man conspire my hopes to blast,
Or sickness come, or pain;
And peace and joy have quickly past,
And fail to cheer again:

3 Then, Lord, amidst the darkest night,
And through the stormiest day,
Be thou for ever in my sight;
My Rock! my Hope! my Stay!

499 *Wheat and Tares.* L. M.

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord against their will,
Employs his counsel to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

500 *Confidence in God.* C. M.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

501 *Sabbath Evening Song.* L. M.

1 MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed:

2 But thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone
In spirit that have worshipped thee.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed to-day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 Yet one prayer more;—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord,
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.

502 *The Redeemed in Heaven.* C. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, for they are past,
They are gone safe before;
They've borne the wildest tempest blast,
And heard the last storm's roar.

2 Mourners they were—they weep not now
Sick—now they know not pain;
And glory shines on every brow
Of that once feeble train.

3 O! blest, and beautiful, and bright,
How fair their white robes gleam;
O! to behold the glorious sight
With not a veil between!

4 Yet once, like us, with trembling fear,
Their unknown path they viewed;
Now, God has wiped away each tear
From all that multitude.

5 Shout! they have gained their rest at last,
The port where they would be;
Through adverse gales and tempest's blast
Their followers still are we.

503 *Welcome to Death.* C. M.

1 WELCOME the sweet, the sacred hour!
Ye moments, swiftly roll,
When earth shall yield her boasted power
To bind my parting soul.

2 Welcome the pang that calls me home
To scenes of long-sought rest;
Welcome the voice that whispers, "Come
To Jesus' pitying breast."

3 There grief her murmurs shall forego,
And sin its power resign;
Pure joy and love unruffled flow,
And God be ever mine.

4 O could I now those joys foresee
That soon shall be my own;
When, freed from sin, from sorrow free,
I'm filled with God alone;

5 Death's lonely vale should echo wide
With songs of sin forgiven;
Till, wafted safe o'er Jordan's tide,
I join the notes of heaven.

504 *Call from the Heathen.* 8, 7.

1 WAFTED o'er the breast of ocean,
Hark! a voice attracts the ear;
Hushed be every rude commotion;
Soft and low it murmurs near—
Lo we perish! ye can save,
Fearless venture o'er the wave.

2 Yes, ye heard it, sainted spirits,
Throned in radiance ever bright,
Where, exalted, each inherits
Glory in you world of light;
Heard it, and obeyed the call;
Served your God, and left your all

3 And ye hear it, ye who hasten
In the path by martyrs trod,
Human suffering to lessen,
Souls immortal bring to God:
Followers of your gracious Lord,
Mercy will your names record.

4 Who hears not the invitation,
"Come and help," from many a land?
Who would not proclaim salvation,
Fearless, at his Lord's command;
Making glad the wilderness
With his messages of peace!

5 Praise and blessing never ending,
Jesus! to thy name be given:
Thou didst once, for man descending,
Leave the highest throne of heaven:
Souls by thee redeemed shall swell
Songs of love unspeakable.

505 *Religion.* L. M.

1 O COME, thou great and gracious Power,
Accept a home within my breast;
My spirit cheer in every hour,
In every season give me rest.

2 O teach me well to know my heart,
My folly and my sin to see;
On earth to bear a lowly part,
And give myself and all to thee.

3 Teach me to trust a Saviour's name,
To feel a Saviour's dying love;
To be redeemed—be that my fame,—
My honours let me seek above.

4 When pleasure cheers and friendship smiles
And smoothly sweeps my bark along,
Then save me from the tempter's wiles,
Be thou my joy, be thou my song.

5 And when affliction's gloomy power
Shall shroud my soul in sad dismay;
Rise thou, a star to cheer that hour,
And lead me through the darkened way.

6 Yea, at the last, when ghastly death
This life's short brittle thread shall break,
Do thou attend my latest breath,
Thy Spirit clothe me when I wake.

7 And when around the judgment throne
The myriads of the earth shall meet,
O wilt thou then my spirit own,
And fill me with thy bliss complete!

506 *Heaven in Prospect.* 7's.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who are these?—on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

507 *The Teacher in view of Death.* 8's

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power:

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 Then that happy era begins
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

DISMISSION AND DOXOLOGIES.

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508 S. M.

1 WE now from school depart,
Grace in God's house to seek;
Be present, Lord, with every heart,
There, and throughout the week.

2 May Father, Spirit, Son,
Rule us in peace and love;
And when on earth thy will is done,
Receive our souls above.

509 *Dismission.* 8, 7, 4.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay—
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day

510 *Parting Hymn.* L. M.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part.
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise;
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Teachers! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

511 *Parting.* L. M.

1 FATHER, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend;
Thou Guide and Guardian of my ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

2 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned;
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,
For ever sure, as time rolls round.

3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour
And bind our hearts in love alone;
Though we may meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

512 *Prayer at Parting.* L. M

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

513 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

514 C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

515 S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

516 S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

517 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

518 8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above;

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

519 C. M.

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

520 7's.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our prophet, priest, and king
Children, raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

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